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Choice Poetry.

TO A BELOVED ONE.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

Heaven hath its crown of stars, the earth
Her glory-robe of flowers—
The sea its gems—the grand old woods
Their songs and greening showers;
The birds have homes, where leaves and blooms
In beauty wreathe above;
High yearning hearts, their rainbow-dreams—
And we, sweet! we have love.

We walk not with the jewelled great,
Where Love's dear name is sold;
Yet have we wealth we would not give
For all their world of gold!
We revel not in corn and wine,
Yet have we from above
Manna divine, and we'll not pine;
Do we not live and love?

There's sorrow for the toiling poor,
On Misery's bosom nurst;
Rich robes for ragged souls, and crowns
For branded brows Cain-curst!
But Cherubim, with clasping wings,
Ever about us be,
And, happiest of God's happy things,
There's love for you and me!

Thy lips, that kiss till death, have turned
Life's water into wine;
The sweet life melting through thy looks,
Hath made my life divine.
All Love's dear promise hath been kept,
Since thou to me wert given;
A ladder for my soul to climb,
And summer up in Heaven!

I know, dear heart! that in our lot
May mingle tears and sorrow;
But, Love's rich rainbow built from tears,
Presages smiles to-morrow.
The sunshine from our sky may die,
The greenness from Life's tree,
But ever, 'mid the warring storm,
Thy nest shall sheltered be.

I see thee, Ararat of my life!
Smiling the waves above!
Thou hail'st me victor in the strife,
And beacon'st me with love.
The world may never know, dear heart!
What I have found in thee;
But, though nought to the world, dear heart!
Thou'rt all the world to me!

Original Novelet.

THE STEP-MOTHER.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

NARRATIVE.

Wasn't Aunt Hitty's house a pattern of neatness, clear from the garret roof to the door scraper? Did a speck of dirt ever *dare* to make love to her polished fender, or rest its wee corporation on the tables that you could see your face in? Weren't there less motes on that bright mirror than in the bright eyes that sometimes danced over its surface? Was that patient piper on the mantel-piece—no cousin by-the-way, to "Peter Piper, who picked his peck of pickled peppers"—ever known to jog one inch from the fourth portion of his painted premises? Was the brick-dust shepherdess, with roses of blue on her fat cheeks, and eyes of green—holding her crook from time immemorial over her right shoulder, a pattern of patience to all her sex, by-the-way—ever known to move her head from that identical wall flower, under which she was placed in the year ———. Absolutely I have forgotten the precise date, besides it is not polite to tell a lady's age, and in this case Miss Hitty arranged them herself when she wasn't much more than nine-and thirty, and had just begun keeping house.

Did a chair fail to obey discipline, and stand front-face in a straight line, like a well-trained grenadier? Did the mat ever presume to yawn and turn over? Didn't the spiders know that it wasn't in order to carry on a line of their correspondence on the house tops or in the corners? Didn't the very chickens prescribe a circle just two feet from the kitchen door-step, beyond which corn couldn't tempt them? Did old Brindle *dare* to give less than three quarts one pint exactly? In fact, didn't everything animate, inanimate, and between the two, know that Aunt Hitty was a pattern housekeeper for the world generally, and individuals particularly.

It was a warm sunny afternoon in the beginning of September. Aunt Hitty had "done-up" her work, taken her nap, and put on a sort of mustard and brown mixed "caliker," with a cap whose ribbon had only changed color six times, and would now be a decent blue if the moths hadn't got to it. Aunt Hitty was universally loved, dreaded, hated and esteemed. She was at times kind-hearted, and if any one would only do her the favor to get sick, absolutely "laid-up," how much delighted the good soul was. Then to see her preparing "mixters," and marshalling the "yarb-bags," of which it was estimated she had six hundred *and* sixty-six, green, drying and cured, hung up under the rafters of her spiderless garret, would do the soul and body of a benevolent man good. "It *didn't* cure," said Aunt Hitty, "it wouldn't kill," and the medical faculty will please take notice, that Aunt Hitty, not myself, added, that *that* was more than *she* could say of doctor's stuff, which killed twice where it cured once," a nice distinction. But as I began before, it was a warm sunny day in the first of September. On a small table, mathematically arranged, stood little baskets and saucers filled with fruit, the product of her garden. It was evident somebody was expected, for Aunt Hitty often eyed the length of that comfortable entry, with its one strip of cool matting, and looked down the half road, half street, that ran in a serpentine course from the Court House past her door down to the Meeting House.

Presently they came, two children, a boy and girl, one with a little open basket, in which were laid, on cool, green, glossy leaves, large crimson strawberries.

"Here, Aunt Hitty, here's a present to you, from my mamma, and she sends her compliments."

"*Your mamma!*" exclaimed the old lady, raising both her hands before she touched the strawberries, "that I should have lived, Lilly Elmwood, to hear you call that woman your mamma; you poor innocent, how little you know what you've got to come to."

"You don't hear *me* talking any such nonsense," said Will, with a strut, "she may coax and coax, and give me presents and all that, and papa may threaten, I just won't allow any woman to tyranise over me."

"There's my brave son, go and eat some grapes. You are older than Lilly, and a boy, consequently not so easily led; and now tell me, does she order you round, and make you come at her beck and call, and all that."

"She'd better try," answered Will, who knew he was a favorite with the old lady, "but don't you think, Aunt Hitty, I caught Lilly, last night, leaning quite lovingly upon Mrs. Elmwood, as sister Kate calls her, and *Mrs. Elmwood* had her arms about her neck. Ain't she a silly little puss?"

"Ah! that's the way they always begin," said Aunt Hitty, "coaxing and pretending so much love, when it stands to reason they can't *feel* it—it isn't in nature—just stop awhile and see."

"I *have* been stopping awhile," exclaimed Lilly with spirit, pulling impatiently at her bonnet string that had got a knot in it, "and I don't see anything like make-believe about her. I *like* her, and I tell sister Kate so, and I think it's wrong to be so cool and ugly, and make her feel so badly, especially when she bears it so patiently, and don't tell pa some things *other* folks *would*."

Will looked up consciously, gave a savage shake of the head, and with his mouth full of grapes, declared, that if she was to make trouble between him and his father, he'd run away, that's what he would. *He* had some spirit, and he wasn't going to be jeered at by all the boys in school, who plagued him every day because he had a step-mother.

"Poor things, *poor things*," cried Aunt Hitty with emphasis, "by-and-bye, if they lived longer, they'd know more—and *that* was a poor consolation, considering what a world it was—but all *she* had to say, was, come to her in any trouble, they were her brother's children—they shouldn't be 'put upon,' her home was their home, poor dears."

"The best of it is, Aunt Hitty," added Will, adjusting his fishing tackle, for there was a river running back of the house, "the very best thing of it is, that Mrs. Elmwood has got Miss Helen completely on her side," ("a pretty pair," ejaculated Aunt Hitty, "Miss Helen *knows* I can't bear her,") "and *she* says it's our *duty* to love and *obey* my father's wife, and keeps lecturing us—my! but don't she make Kate *mad*, you ought to see her eyes sparkle. And it's none of Miss Helen's business, is it?"

"No more it isn't, child, and I'd let her know it; so she and Miss Helen have nice times of it, have they? She's cunning enough, isn't she? She knows how her bread's buttered, she's an artful thing."

"Oh! Aunt Hitty! how *can* you say so?" exclaimed Lilly, the tears in her eyes. "You know how well my *own* mother loved our governess, and if she hadn't been good how could she?"

"Oh! she knows how to *seem* well enough; that's just what I said, cunning, *cunning*. I tell you, child, you've no idea of the evil ways of people, step-mothers particularly, in this blessed world. Don't they have the whole control of their husbands, poor, silly things, to be duped? Don't they turn the very hearts of their own fathers against their own children?"

"But I don't think *she* will ever do such things;" said Lilly, her confidence half shaken by Aunt Hitty's earnest manner.

"You don't think anything about it, poor child! how should you? Why *I* know of a step mother who starved two little children, out of sheer ugliness, when every body thought she was so kind. And I know another, poor Mandoline Carrol," sighed Aunt Hitty, leaning back in her chair, "*she* died the victim of a heartless step-mother. The wicked woman interfered just as she was going to get married, and raised a difficulty between her and her intended husband, so that they separated and it broke her heart. To be sure, the fellow was a worthless fellow, and we found out afterwards that he had a wife already living, and to be sure, some folks say that Mandoline was in a deep consumption, which would have carried her off whether or no, but every body with two eyes in their head can see that *that* was the reasoning of her step mother's party, and though her other sister appears to be very well contented, yet there's a canker at the root. Yes, *yes*, your—I mean your father's *wife*, may do very well for a time, but,

"'Violent fires soon burn out themselves;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short.'

that's Shakspeare. I used to know hundreds of them, but somehow I'm losing both taste and memory. I wasn't ashamed of my learning when I was a young girl,—but as I was saying about step mothers, they're a cruel set, every one of them, after they once get enough influence. Who ever heard one well spoken of?"

True enough, Aunt Hitty, who ever heard one well spoken of? Much faith and much love must she have, who consents to transplant her youthful energy and warm affection into a family of young children—to combat the prejudices of sisters and sisters' husbands—of aunts, and every managing old croaker who comes within the precincts of relationship. Let her practice an angel's virtues, and be wiser than even Solomon—let every word be a pearl of rare beauty—let every action bear the test of true and disinterested criticism, still there are those who will defame her, purely on account of her title. If she governs with love, and, through mistaken fear of the world, spares correction, she is "spoiling the poor creatures;" if she uses the rod, though with the most maternal discretion, she "will ruin the unhappy little wretches." Even if a child cuts its finger and screams, some gossipping crone who stood under the shutter, bears tidings of cruelty, and almost murder, among the sympathising neighbors. And every mother hugs her child in terror at the idea of leaving it to the tender mercies of a step-parent, though out of principle she may give it six whippings a day, and shut it up as many times in dark closets. And if a child grows up to honor, "it's a wonder, considering he had a step-mother," while the fact of worthless sons emerging into worthless manhood is seldom commented upon with reference to the faults or injudicious treatment of the mothers who bore them. No wonder that some who take this thankless though responsible duty upon themselves, grow weary in well doing, through the prejudice and determined ill-will of a thousand-and-one relations—and the sneering oversight of twice that number of ill-disposed neighbors.

Lilly went home that night, her brain filled with evil stories, new-born surmises, and unkind suspicion of the gentle, the loving Sylvia Elmwood. Never was there a more self-sacrificing creature—never one with heart more filled with ardent affection for every member of her husband's family, than the young bride's—yet though they saw all this, a miserable feeling, half-pride, half-distrust, kept them aloof from her confidence, and Aunt Hitty helped it along with all her might.

KATE'S JOURNAL.

"When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat;
Yet, fooled with hope, men favor the deceit;
Trust on and think to-morrow will repay;
To-morrow's falser than the former day;
Lies worse, and while it says we shall be blest
With some new joys, cuts off what we possess'd.
Strange cozenage!"

Ah, Dryden, you knew the folly of trust, and dared to sing it. "Life *is* all a cheat—some find it out sooner, some later—but *all* must experience its delusions. Yet the knowledge comes in better shape to a favored few—at least they are happy in the love of chosen hearts—while I have been so bitterly deceived where I had trusted all.——Father has gone to N———, will be absent a week—perhaps longer. "I charge you to be with Sylvia as much as possible," he said to me this morning. "She looks a little pale—perhaps she is homesick. Remember, she is a stranger, and very dependent upon you all—teach Rosa to love her; I am anxious the child should be much under her influence."

Well, then, *I am not*, and with reference to his wife, I shall never love *her*. She may take all the pains imaginable to teach my darling to call her "mamma,"—I shall take pains in my way, too. I thought once she was winning Lilly from me, but the child has lately been more distant than ever. I can sit and talk with her, but we equally feel the distance between us. I wish I could take Rosa and go into the country with her, if it is nearing winter. I long for the pleasant old homestead of Uncle Peter's, with its great roaring fires, and old-fashioned rooms. My home grows distasteful to me—the calls of my friends are wearisome—I am sure that the coming season I should feel my wretchedness much more acutely, joining in the gay society with which our winters abound. Besides, Mrs. Elmwood will appear for the first time, and we must give parties and go to parties, and, oh! for a sore heart such pleasure is no balm. I will persuade papa to let me go to Uncle Peter's, and take Lilly and Rosa with me. Lilly has studied too much; her mind is a little mental steam engine, and it has worked so hard and fast, that it needs rest; it will come out all the brighter. I am sick—papa has lately noticed my exceeding paleness—I will tell him that nothing but a jaunt to Uncle Peter's will do me good—and that is truth. I can't imagine what makes me long to go there, except it is the visions of homeliness and comfort that are indispensable from a genuine country farm-house.

Just now I went softly into the parlor—it is very late—I thought no one was there—I distinguished a faint sound by the organ, and on looking around, what was my astonishment to behold my father's wife, on her knees, at prayer! I confess I have not seen a sight that filled me with more wonder for many a day. It disarmed me of my evil thoughts to see her there—her small hands clasped on the crimson cushion, her hair unbound and falling over her shoulders in long waves, her eyes closed, and her lips moving in audible prayer! So, she is, then, a Christian! I wonder if she prays for me? Now, it strikes me that many another woman placed in her situation would take advantage of our pride and coldness, and retort with equal pride, or return our indifference with interest. But she is a Christian; what a strange throb it wakes in my own heart—*I* am not a Christian; no, no; if so, there would be little room for this malignant spirit that sometimes almost chokes me. I wonder if I have mistaken her character? perhaps I have. But then were she an angel, I could not bear to see the love of my little ones transferred to her. No! that would indeed break my heart, already so wounded.

It has seemed a long week, but father has at last returned. He is willing I should go to Uncle Peter's for as long as I like, and take with me *one* of the children—only one. Which shall it be, Lilly or Rosa? He tells me to take Lilly; no, Rosa shall go. He has been counselled to advise me, perhaps.

Mrs. Elmwood is very intimate with Miss Helen. They walk, sew, read together.—What should seem so inviting in our governess?

Another stroke that almost overwhelms me! my brother has written me—he says he intends giving me a sister on his return, and that sister—our governess! Crazy boy! worse than that—foolish! I immediately consulted with papa; he was very angry. I know, I am sure, he will forbid the marriage. Heard him talking with Mrs. Elmwood—first quickly, almost sternly. I sat at the far end of the east room. Presently she spoke, and in a moment he grew calm. I see how it is—she has unbounded influence over my father. Again he spoke, and then listened. A sweet smile lighted up her face as she talked—I fancied the words must fall like music, for my father gazed on her with a look almost of worship; indeed, I felt far more interest than I dare acknowledge, in her beauty, her manner. Then father leaned his head on his hand, looked thoughtfully down, rose up with a pleasant countenance, and left the room.

Usurper, indeed! None of us have influence any more. *Her* word is law—with one smile she can undo all our plans—but my little ones she shall never have—*they* at least are mine, and I will keep them.

Once more I find peace and quiet. I took the stage yesterday, and, with Rosa, came to this beautiful spot. Brown and rich was earth's carpet, tapestried with fallen leaves. Decay has rifled the foliage of its heart of green, and dipped the trees in gorgeous coloring. For them, death weaves shrouds of crimson and gold, but the great earth it robes in white, fine and pure.

The farmers' wives came to the windows as we rattled along, and divided the light leaves of their house plants to look through and see us pass. Every time, doubtless, it seems a new thing to them. We stopped once at a village inn to water the horses. As I was dreamily gazing upwards, the curtain of simple muslin partly vanished, and a face whose beauty I shall never forget filled the open space, but the beauty was of heaven, not of earth. It was that of a young girl, so it seemed to me, full of thought, yet sweet as a poet's vision. She had blue eyes of that peculiar, melting expression, that sinks so quickly down deep in the soul. Her hair, which was glossy and golden, hung in loose curls only to her throat, and beneath that nothing was visible save a close robe of white. Transparently clear, even dazzling, her complexion seemed to me by far the loveliest I have ever seen, but, oh! that fatal rose, burning, *blazing* on either oval cheek, and the deadly crimson of those rose-bud lips! my heart ached. Presently she turned, and seemingly at her request, came a tall, noble looking woman, with a sweet and serene countenance, though when she smiled at the words, or the fancy of her child (I could not doubt their relationship) there was blended such sadness as brings tears, though we forbid them to flow. That form vanished, and in its stead came another, a venerable man with locks of wavy silver, commanding presence, and an air at once subdued and majestic. I knew as quickly as I had known before, this was her father, for he laid his hand on her sunny hair as he looked forth, and when he turned to her, his face shone with unutterable love. So I conjectured all the way, after Rosa had gone to sleep, leaning her head against my arm, whose could be that sweet face? And I wove first a fair vision with not a particle of cloud—then came the miserable thought taking more the color of reality that she was a consumptive.

Here they have come, to our land of hills, to try if their healthily tempered breezes will bring back strength to those fair, young, yet palsied limbs. She is their darling—only one—the child of their old age, and all the rest are in heaven. They cling to her even as they say, looking skyward through their tears, "Thy will be done." Awestruck at her exceeding loveliness, they sometimes wonder whether God hath not sent them an angel to bind their hearts closer to the better world.

"Do I know who they are?" said Billy Button, the stage driver, "yes, I know who they are. They came from what they call down east—she, the young thing, is deadly sick, and the doctors say she can't stan't it a month. Her father is a minister, a very nice man they say, and pays like a prince. I reckon the young Miss 'll never leave *this* place."

Spite of the warm welcome of Uncle Peter and his household, from his stately wife to black Pomp, the grinning negro boy, and Pompey, his less human brother, spite of their smiles and words of happy greeting, I felt quite heartsick. I wished often that I had not seen that haunting face, for sickness or near death to the young, always have a terror for me. Why should the young die? Do I forget how often I have said, oh! so thoughtlessly, "would I were dead!" But I would *live* forever, and so says revelation we must—but ah! *first comes death—dread death.*

Rosa is a darling little thing, the pet of all who see her. "Ah!" says Uncle Peter's wife, with an ominous shake of the head, "such as she ain't for this earth." How ridiculous that every child with bright eyes and intellect should be predestined by every wiseacre to an early grave! I am sure this world needs all the goodness and beauty that can be spared—they have plenty of angels in heaven.

It is very strange—I can't get away from company. Good Aunt Peter has been inviting that friend and this friend to see Miss Kate, or rather "the Judge, my brother's" daughter, ever since I came, and now they are getting up a party, a *real* party on my account. I believe for a week Betty and Patty, the cook and the cook's help, have been baking up every eatable thing about the farm—and dear Aunt Peter has been so busy with jellies and confectionary. To-day I am enlightened.

"I hope you brought out some nice dresses," said Aunt Peter with a chuckle, "because to-morrow night I want you to look just your very best."

"And why, pray, aunty?" asked I.

"We're going to have a company, dear; but then you know company here don't mean company at home. There's no need of looking so *uncommonly* genteel and fussy; if you've only a white muslin now, deary, if it ain't in just prime order, give it to Jessica, and she'll make it look splendid."

"But, aunt, if it's only a company, why need I dress up? The dark poplin I wore yesterday will do, won't it?"

"Good patience! no, child; that's a horror—I mean for such a company as we're to have. Why! there's Major Jemgrave's daughters coming—the pink of fashion here, you know—and there's young Laundy, just from college, and an uncommon smart man, my dear—then there's Lawyer Capitan's three daughters, with three young men who visit there just now, and the Langs and Wheatons."

"Dear aunt," cried I, starting up with horror, "in mercy don't let me see any more new faces—oh! if you knew how I yearned for quiet."

The good woman looked astonished at my vehemence, as well she might. "I thought we were giving you pleasure, my dear," she said quietly, though with an air of disappointment.

My conduct seemed so selfish, even in my own eyes, that I apologized as hastily as I could, adding something about not being quite as well as usual. She would have deferred the party, but I would not allow it. Let it be over, the quicker the better.

Got quite in high spirits to-day, helping arrange the two great front rooms in Christmas fashion. The windows made a brave show, hung in thick drapery of green, intermixed with scarlet berries. I forgot my own misery in weaving wreaths of mock flowers and winterbush, with sprays of box and wax fruit hanging over like pendants, better than jewels. Aunt and uncle thought me a miracle of taste, and I could not help feeling proud of my work, as I saw the beautifully white walls garlanded and draperied by my own cunning. I made a little wreath for Rosa, in which she looks half angelic. Uncle has just sent us a grand new piano. It came entirely unexpected, though he has been promising little Misty for some time. Still no one thought my prudent uncle, who can't tell Yankee Doodle from Old Hundred, would commit himself so far to the graces.

We are to have a band of amateurs—young men, who, for their own amusement, have practiced together several winters. They are fine performers, I am told. I suppose I must contribute my quota of amusement. I have been singing song after song to Aunt Peter, and as soon as I had finished every one she cried out, "you must play *that* to-night."

The supper table is admirable—I did not expect to find taste so exquisite out of town, but one meets with many a rare flower in the back woods, where the *select* plants of cultivated society flourish not. Rosa is full of glee, because I have promised her she shall sit up a little while. "Do let me jus' hold it," she says, and I hang the wreath on her little waxen fingers as I write, while she cries, laughing heartily, and throwing back her head like a bird—"it's so pretty, sister Kate; oh! ain't it *ever* so pretty?" She has not once asked after my father's wife—oh! could I but keep her altogether—feel that she is *mine* and *none other's*. Indeed, I have an idolatrous love for that child; but it grows late—I must dress soon. I hear the "jingle, jingle, clear the way" of sleigh bells in the distance, and I really am anxious for the evening to come.

A little nervous to-day—the events of last evening were so mingled and strange, that I can scarcely arrange my mind to note them down. I wore a plain, fawn-colored silk, and took my hair out of braids at Aunt Peter's earnest entreaty. I have not worn it in rings so long that I looked odd to myself, but a few simple flowers gave not an unpleasing effect. Aunt called me beautiful, but I cannot believe it—I am not fair—not delicate enough to be beautiful; though searching my heart I would fain have *some* believe me so. When I entered the room I was quite astonished at the sensation created by our two simple selves, Rosa and I. Everybody looked at everybody, and appeared delighted to be introduced. I had prepared myself for a little rusticity, but, lo! and behold, I was in the midst of quite as fashionable young ladies and gentlemen as I ever met with in my city home. We had just got comfortably chatty, when my blood chilled at sight of an apparition I little thought to meet, Julius Edgermont! I almost shrieked his name, for I really lost self-possession, thinking this was a plot—he is so good a schemer. What was my astonishment when aunt brought him up and introduced him as *Henry* Edgermont. The warmth of life came back to my heart—before, I thought I should have fainted. I remembered on the sudden that Julius had spoken of his twin brother, and dwelt upon their resemblance to each other. I noticed, however, that this Edgermont had not that look of anxiety which ever seemed to cloud the face of Julius. And his eyes are also lighter, his hair not so deep a brown, and of looser curl. Much, much more graceful he also is, and of quicker action. He smiles readily, too, which Julius never seemed to do, save when under unnatural excitement. Oh! he is widely different, his face is like a clear mirror. He is studying law with the father of the Misses Capitan's, and by their very winning demeanor in his presence, I think they would like to marry him, each one. But out upon my uncharitable surmises.

I find a kind of secret pleasure in dwelling upon his little attentions. Once at the piano, as I sang a favorite song, he appeared quite lost in thought for a moment, then said "I thank you," with so impressive a manner, it quite made me blush. I wonder, I *wonder* if he is at all like his brother—but I put the thought far from me—he cannot be. Yet why should the memory of one so like in outward appearance to him who might have deceived me—so stir my heart? Shall I write it?—the feeling I cherished for the brother, ardent as I thought it, is indifference, compared to what I feel for Henry Edgermont. Am I again to be punished in loving? for oh! it is sorrow to love unasked—still, many a woman's fate. He will come again, I know. My heart tells me that an interest was also awakened in him. Will he be here to-night? Foolish, foolish I!

—How could I let her go from my side? Heavenly Father forgive me—it is the first time. In my selfish communings, I did not see my darling leave the room. They have just brought her in, drenched—and God knows my agony when I thought her dead. She went alone down stairs, and not knowing the way, fell headlong into a large vat of water on the lower floor. The servants fortunately heard her shriek as she plunged—and rescued her, cold, senseless and dripping. Gentle heart! she lies before me in a quiet slumber. Exhausted, she fell asleep as soon as undressed, and how her pale, pale cheeks reproach me. She starts sometimes, and lifts her hands convulsively. Oh! my Father, let this suffice. I can pray for *her*, if not for myself. Let her not suffer yet more, Holy God—let me keep my cherub—for—I had such fearful dreams last night, and I went to bed so happy. I keep praying in my heart, "Spare her, oh, spare her, my Father!" Yet why should I be thus anxious? It is my fondness nurtures fears. Other children have been more nearly drowned than she, and yet no evil resulted. Dear child—little angel! Oh! spirit of my mother, keep watch over my treasure.

NARRATIVE.

Lawyer Capitan lived in a very pretty house Except that there were too many little turrets, and minarets, and too much lattice-work, I should say its style was unexceptionable. It stood in the midst of a large and beautiful garden—and, overlooking in summer the fine plots of choice roses at one end, and bushes of richly flavored Northern fruit on the other, Henry Edgermont's pleasant chamber was situated. Its arrangement within was most exquisite; one would not think a young man devoted to study possessed so much good judgment. An elegant little bedstead, with tasteful curtains, just fitted its snug recess, and that without seeming a conspicuous part of the furniture. A carpet of red and lively pattern blended into white, covered the floor; arm-chairs of shining rosewood; a desk or two; shelves of ebony, prettily draped, and containing books in appropriate bindings—with several choice *bijous*—probably gifts from friends—filled, without crowding, the bright, airy room. The day after the party it snowed excessively, and sometimes Henry left his books and cozy seat by the shiny, wide-awake fire, and walked to the window, whose panes were already dimmed with the white dust of winter. At last, after gazing abstractedly upon the big snow-balls of bushes, and the long, unbroken line of white threading the winding roads, he folded his arms, and began pacing the floor, a most gloomy expression clouding his handsome features.

"Miserable, miserable," he kept repeating to himself—"but she must be punished, and I am able to lay on the lash, though it tear her heart in twain."

Seizing his writing materials, he thus wrote to an intimate friend in the city—and we hope it will be deemed no breach of politeness, if we publish to the "select many" of the Post, parts of a correspondence which, though private, has a direct bearing upon our story.

"FRIEND ALF:—

"You are aware how half insane I have been upon the subject of my twin brother's recent disappointment. No one knows Julius as well as I. I knew him as capable of forming the strongest attachments. I know his fragile nature, and that for long years we never deemed his life a certainty. And yet that beloved brother has been cruelly repulsed by the object of his sincerest love—for a mere woman's whim. Even when the holy words of betrothment had been spoken, and the wedding hour decided—even then did she subject him to the ordeal of the world's scorn; and, as I before stated, for a mere woman's whim. The girl he loved, was a heartless coquette. Oh! how my soul abhors such deformities upon the world's fair surface!

"I have seen my brother grow pale and listless; I have felt at my heart the canker-worm that gnaws his. I love him—none know how dearly.

"We have grown up together—and he being weakly, has leaned upon my stronger arm. Poor fellow! I wish he had more spirit.

* * * * * * * *

"But the past is past—what remains for me is to improve the present. I saw her last night, Alf.,—talked with her, and together we turned the leaves of the same music-page and sang. And, Alf, she has a glorious voice—she can fascinate—aye! a dangerous gift is here. But think you, my dear fellow, I would have looked upon the serpent. I know it is a strong term to apply to a beautiful woman—for, Alf., there is no denying she *is* beautiful. I would have have treated her with as much contempt as the extreme edge of courtesy will admit, had I but known with *whom* I was so intimate. I did not learn, till on my way home, to whom I was indebted for my evening's pleasure, and you may be sure my blood boiled when Stephens said—

"'So, you were enchanted with your brother's false *fiancee*.'

"I started, as at the sting of a serpent. 'It cannot be,' was my reply.

"'Why! did you not hear her name?' he rejoined—'that's Kate Stanley Elmwood—her father is the noted Judge Elmwood. It was scandalous, the way she served your brother. I was to be one of the wedding party, when, without cause, the engagement was suddenly broken off. I was near being her victim once myself, but, egad! I came off with only a slight scorching.'

"Now, by the Heaven above me, thought I in the heat of the moment, I'll teach this girl to love *me*, and then I'll give her a lesson that shall last a lifetime. From my heart of hearts I despise a coquette, and my sober, second thought has not disapproved my hastier resolution. Julius shall be the last of her victims; I will shame her, I will scorn her, even though it drain the last drop of blood from my heart. I know you will say, perhaps I shall love her myself—perhaps I shall; if so, then more complete the sacrifice—but, though she be so gloriously lovely, she shall not look me into perdition with those dark, liquid eyes of hers. No, I fear not. I shall know all the while what she is—be able to measure the weight of her false words, and above this, my brother's haggard face shall be the veil between me and love. I go there to-night—to-morrow night—every night; I shall expedite matters, for society needs to be rid of these heart-breakers. Frank Stanley!—you remember the dismal day we stood over his open grave. That man was murdered—his heart was like a woman's—but his soul, Alf.,—*there* was nobility, such as is seldom created into this lower earth—and who will not render tribute to the memory of that glorious intellect? And the woman by whose machinations he was made a wreck, and then hurried into an untimely grave, yet smiles, flirts, and seduces by her infernal beauty. Alf., I have no patience when I think of these things. 'My blood boils,' is an expression all too tame; hatred of my kind, almost, comes over me. Men are not thought to love as women—but God only knows how many a manly spirit is made unfit to cope with life as it should, through the vanity of woman. God knows how many seek the cup of ruin, and become wretched castaways through such miserable triflings. Under such treatment men seldom pine—but often, how often the kind heart grows cruel, the sensitive nature changes to adamant, the sweet temper to moroseness, and the unsuspecting mind grows gloomy to insanity. I did not mean to inflict this unhappy epistle upon you, cousin mine, but there is nobody here with whom I can communicate, and 'congenial spirits,' you know.

"Good-bye, friend, and write me a letter. By-the-way, come out this week, and bring Marion—grand sleighing!

"Yours, forever, H. E."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Portrait Gallery.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The author of the "Wanderer in Switzerland," died recently at Sheffield, England, in his eighty-third year. His father was a Moravian missionary, who, leaving his son in Yorkshire to be educated, at Fulnick, a Moravian seminary near Leeds, went with his wife to the West Indies, where they both died while, we believe, their son, the distinguished poet, was still a boy. His education was strict and good; but when and how he became a poet no one has told us. He is said, when a mere lad, to have ventured to London with a volume of verse; and to have sought in vain for either a printer or a publisher. Disappointed in London, he hastened back to Yorkshire, became an assistant in a shop at Mirfield, near Wakefield; and, in 1792, removed to Sheffield, where he found congenial employment under Mr. Joseph Gales, a bookseller in that town, and proprietor, and some say editor as well, of the *Sheffield Register*, a newspaper somewhat, for those days, democratic in its opinions. So democratic was it, that Gales had to fly from England to escape imprisonment, and the editorship of the paper was left to Montgomery, who changed the name to that of the *Sheffield Iris*. But, in changing the name, Montgomery would appear to have made no change whatever in the principles of the paper. The *Iris* was as radical as the *Register*. This was soon known, and the insertion in it of a song by a clergyman, entitled "The Fall of the Bastille," led to a conviction, a fine of £20, and an imprisonment of Montgomery for three months in York Castle. On his release he wrote an account of a riot in Sheffield, in which two men were killed; an indictment followed, and he was fined in the sum of £30, and sent for six months to prison. He lived to see a great change in editorial responsibilities, and to receive, now many years ago, expressions of regret from the magistrate at whose instigation he had been prosecuted.

In 1805, Montgomery published his poem of "The Ocean;" in 1806, the "Wanderer in Switzerland," in 1809, "The West Indies," of which 10,000 copies were sold at a high price; and in 1812, "The World Before the Flood." "Greenland" was published in 1819, and "Pelican Island" in 1828.

Montgomery, while not a great poet, was a true one, and many of his poems have had a large circulation. In person, says the London Illustrated News, he was above the middle height, with looks always composed, and now and then tinged with melancholy. In Sheffield, where he lived and died, he was beloved by old and young—rich and poor.

Another account says:—Montgomery was of middle stature, slight, with yellow hair, rather melancholy expression of feature, and accustomed to wear the lower part of his face hidden in a tall and loose white neckcloth. His appearance was that of a clergyman of the old school. Mr. Tuckerman, who saw him last year, mentions him in his "Month in England" as follows:

"On a hill, just without the business portion of Sheffield, dwells the venerable James Montgomery, whose hymns are familiar to the lips of so many worshippers in America. His house is one of a row of neat stuccoed buildings, with a lawn before them, ornamented with trees; the holly and other evergreens, looking fresh in the moist air on the day of visit; from this esplanade the hills appear in the distance, and the city below. The situation is one that a contemplative man would desire, elevated, and with both town and country outspread to the eye, itself secluded, and foliage and turf around. I found Montgomery in a snug little parlor, the windows of which overlooked this scene; on the opposite of the fire, his wife sat reading prayers; his black dress, slight figure, bent shoulders, and thin white hair, rendered his appearance at once scholarly and venerable; with an aquiline nose and mild eye, he gave me the idea of a gentle enthusiast, and although he declared himself full of infirmities, his memory was active and clear, and his interest in all relating to literature and religion in America, vivid."

Pictures of Life.

THE GREEN RING AND THE GOLD RING.

[The almost painful interest of the following story, from "Household Words," would prevent our copying it, were it not for the evidence it incidentally affords that there has been a great spiritual advancement during the last eighty years—that, notwithstanding momentary triumphs of the wrong, the progress of mankind is, on the whole, onward, towards a more perfect day.]

The story I have to tell, occurred less than eighty years ago, in the days of powder and pomade; of high heads and high heels; when beaux in pea-green coats lined with rose-color, attended on belles who steadied their dainty steps with jewel-headed canes; and when lettres-de-cachet lay like sachets-a-gants on toilet tables among patches and rouge. Less than eighty years ago, when the fair Queen of France and her ladies of honor wielded these same lettres-de-cachet with much of the ease with which they fluttered their fans. Less than eighty years ago, when the iron old Marquis de Mirabeau was writing to his brother, the Commandeur de Malte, those fearful letters, wherein the reader of the present day may trace, as in a map, the despotic powers then exercised by the seigneurs of France over their sons and daughters, as well as over their tenants and vassals. Hard, short-sighted, Marquis de Mirabeau! Little did he reckon when he wrote those letters, or when he consigned his son, in the flush of youth, and hope, and love, to a prison-cell and to exile,—that the family-name was to be indebted to the fame of that vituperated son for its salvation from obscurity, or that the arbitrary powers he used so vilely were soon to be swept away forever.

Less than eighty years ago, then, before the Revolution was dreamed of in that part of France, there stood, in a long, straggling, picturesque village of one of the southern provinces, a stone-and-mud cottage, less dirty and uninviting than those by which it was surrounded. There was no dirt-heap under the solitary window, no puddle before the door; which, unlike every other house in the village, possessed the luxury of an unfractured door-step. No tidy cottage-gardens gave cheerful evidence of the leisure or taste of the inmates; for in those days the laboring population of France were too thoroughly beaten down by arbitrary exactions to have spare hours to devote to their own pursuits; but round the window of this particular cottage, a nasturtium had been trained by strings; and, through its yellow and orange flowers one could, now and then, catch a glimpse of a pair of lustrous eyes.

The superior cleanliness of this little dwelling, the flowers, the decency of the family, were the work of one pair of hands, belonging to a young girl named Alix Laroux, whose industry was the support of a younger brother and sister, and of a blear-eyed grandmother.

Now, Alix was a pretty, as well as a hard-working girl, yet it was neither to her beauty nor to her industry that she was indebted for becoming the heroine of our tale, although her success in finding work, when others could find none, had made envious tongues gossip about her. Village scandal is very like town scandal; as like as a silken masquerade costume is to its linsey-woolsey original; the form is the same, the texture alone is different; and at the well of Beauregard, from which water was fetched, and where the salad for supper was washed, it whispered that Alix was a coquette, and that the remote cause of her prosperity was the influence which her bright eyes had obtained over the strong heart of the Bailiff of Beauregard. Every one wished that good might come of it, but—

But, in the meanwhile, good did come of it—for, thanks to the large black eyes that looked so frankly into his, and to the merry smile of the village beauty, Monsieur Reboul had come to the knowledge of Alix's cheerful steady activity; and a feeling of respect had mingled with his early admiration when he discovered that, while no one was more particular in the payment of lawful dues than the hard-working girl, no one resisted more strenuously any illegal exactions. At length the stricken bailiff—who, by-the-bye, was double Alix's age—testified the sincerity of his feelings towards her by taking her brother Jean into the household at the castle, and even offered to have Alix herself admitted among the personal attendants of one of the young ladies of Beauregard; whose marriage had lately been celebrated with great magnificence in Paris.

But Alix shook her pretty head, and said, "No, she thanked him all the same," with a smile that showed her pearly teeth; and what man in love—though a bailiff—could resent a denial so sweetly accompanied? Monsieur Reboul was, indeed, for a moment cast down, but his spirits were soon revived by some of those wonderful explanations which men in his predicament generally have at their command; so he left the cottage with a friendly adieu to the smiling girl, and without a suspicion that Alix had any private reasons for her dislike to leave the village, or that the daily greeting of François the stone-cutter was a matter of more moment to her than the prettiest compliments of the Bailiff of Beauregard.

The next day was market-day at Maillot, a town about two leagues distant from the village, whither, for four years, Alix had been accustomed to go once a week with poultry and eggs; her great resource for the rent of grand-dame's hut. It was a matter of rivalry among the young women of the neighborhood to be first at market; and Alix, who greatly enjoyed supremacy in everything, had endeavored in this, as in all else, to surpass her companions. This, however, was not very easy, for others could rise betimes, as she did herself. A few months before, an accidental discovery of her brother Jean had at length secured for her the envied privilege. Jean, like other idle lads of his class, was necessarily a poacher, and, on one of his secret expeditions into the forest which lay between Beauregard and Maillot had chanced to fall upon a path by which the distance between the two places was shortened by at least a third. This discovery he confided to Alix; and ever since, under his guidance and escort, she had availed herself of it to reach Maillot earlier and with less fatigue than her companions. She had found the walk very pleasant when Jean was with her to carry her basket, and with his boyish sallies to prevent her from dwelling on the superstitious terrors with which tradition had invested the forest; but now that she must tread its tangled paths alone, she hesitated, and was half tempted to relinquish the darling project. Still she felt unwilling to yield the honor of being first, without a struggle.—Besides, her companions had always given her a reputation for courage, and although she had a secret conviction that she owed it solely to her young brother's reflected bravery, it is a reputation which young girls prize so highly, that, rather than forfeit it, they will rush recklessly into real dangers, from which, if they escape, it is by their good fortune, and not by their boasted courage.

Alix could not endure to allow to others that she was afraid. No, no, she could not permit that to be said, nor must she expose herself to the jeers and laughter of those who would delight to hear that she was not first at market. She must go by the wood-path, and must go early. And so thinking, she laid her down to rest.

The part of France in which Alix was born and brought up is full of historical remains, and therefore abounds with traditions, the more mystical and terrible from the dash of paganism with which they are mixed up. Not a forest, ruin, or grotto, is without some picturesque legend, which the young listen to from the lips of the aged with shuddering delight; and all that Alix had ever heard of the forest of Beauregard, or of any other haunted wood in the province, rose with disagreeable tenacity to her memory on this particular night. She remembered the darkness and gloom of the old trees, the thickness of the brushwood, and shuddered as she thought of the possibility of meeting the Couleuvre-Fee—the Melusina of Province—or the Chevre d'Or, who confides the secret resting-place of hidden treasures to the wandering traveller, only to afflict him with incurable melancholy if he proved himself unworthy of riches. As the dread of those supernatural creatures increased upon her with the silence and darkness of night, she hid her head beneath the counterpane, and wisely resolved to dare all that human beings could do to vex her, rather than encounter the tricks and temptations of those unearthly ones,—and then she slept.

Light to see, however, is nearly allied to courage to dare; and when Alix arose at early dawn, her perturbations and tremblings had vanished, and her midnight decision was overturned by the impulse of the morning. She dressed herself, quickly, and carefully, in her most becoming attire; and a very fine specimen of the women of the province she looked—noted though they are for the regal style of their beauty—when equipped in her plaited petticoat; her bright fichu, not pinned tightly down, but crossing the bosom in graceful folds, and fastened in a knot at the back; her thick glossy bands of black hair contrasting well with the rich glow of her cheek, and with the Madras silk handkerchief which covered without concealing the luxuriance of her long hair. Holding in her hand her large market-basket, not unlike in shape to a coal-scuttle or a gipsy bonnet, with a majestic rather than a tripping step, Alix began her walk; looking more like one of the Roman matrons from whom tradition tells that her race was descended than a poor peasant girl.

As she reached the turn from the high-road to the wood, she quickened her steps, and resolutely took the forest path; while, as if determined to prove to herself that she was not afraid, she ever and anon gave forth a snatch of song, in a voice as clear and shrill as that of the birds twittering in the branches overhead, to join the common hymn of praise with which the denizens of earth and sky salute the new-born day.

The morning was unusually sultry and oppressive, although the sun was but newly risen. Alix felt herself overcome with fatigue when scarcely half-way through the forest. She was so fatigued that she found it necessary to sit down; but, just as she had selected a seat in a quiet shady nook which promised to be a pleasant resting-place, she discovered that it abutted closely on the opening to one of the grottos that tradition had marked out as the former habitation of hermits or saints whose spirits were still believed to haunt their old dwelling-places. She no sooner became aware of the grotto's vicinity than she rose hastily; and snatching up her basket, set off down one of the alleys of the forest, without taking time to consider where she was going; when forced to pause to recover her breath, she found herself in a spot she had never seen before, but one so lovely that she looked around with surprise and admiration.

It was a little glade, in form almost an amphitheatre, carpeted with turf as soft and elastic as velvet; its bright green, enamelled with flowers; and on each petal, each tiny blade of grass, dew drops were sparkling like tears of happiness, in welcome to the sun's returning rays. Around this little circle, mighty old trees, gnarled and rugged, the fathers of the forest, were so regularly ranged as to seem the work of art rather than of nature, and this impression was strengthened by the avenue-like alley that spread from it towards the north. Immediately opposite to this opening, on the southern side of the amphitheatre, rose a rampart of gray rocks, marbled with golden veins, from whose hoary side sprung forth the rock rose or pink cystus, and under whose moist shade the blue aster, one of the fairest of earth's stars, flourished luxuriantly. As Alix's eye fell on the trees, and grass, and flowers, she set her basket down carefully at the foot of a fine old oak, and, forgetting fatigue, heat, and superstitious terrors, busied herself in gathering the dew-gemmed flowers, until her apron was quite full.

Then, seating herself under the oak, she began with pretty fastidiousness to choose the most perfect of her treasures to arrange into a bouquet for her bosom, and one for her hair. While thus engaged, she half-chanted her Salve Regina:—

Hail to the Queen who reigns above,
Mother of Clemency and Love!
We, from this wretched world of tears
Send sighs and groans unto thine ears
Oh, thou sweet advocate, bestow
One pitying look on us below!

The hymn and toilet were concluded together; and then, but not till then, Alix remembered that there was a market at Maillot, at which she must be present, instead of spending the day in such joyous idleness. She sighed and wished she were a lady—the young lady of Beauregard, of whose marriage Monsieur Reboul had told her such fine things—and, as she thought thus, association of ideas awoke the recollection that this day was the twenty-third of June, the vigil of St John; a season said to be very fatal to the females of the house of Beauregard. She shuddered as the terrors of that tradition recurred to her memory, and wished she were not alone in the haunted forest on so unlucky a day. Many and strange were the superstitions she had heard regarding St. John's Eve, and many the observances of which she had been the terrified witness; but, that which had always affected her imagination the most, was the ancient belief that any one who has courage to hold a lonely vigil in a church on St. John's Eve, beholds passing in procession all those who are fated to die within the year. It was with this superstition that the legend of Beauregard was associated; for, it was said that in old times a certain lady of the family had, for reasons of her own—bad reasons of course—held such a vigil, had seen her own spirit among the doomed, and had indeed died that year. Tradition further averred, that since then, the twenty-third of June had been always more or less fatal to the females of her house; and as Alix remembered this, she was content to be only Alix Laroux, who, though possessed neither of chateaux nor forests, and forced to work hard and attend weekly markets, had no ancestral doom hanging over her, but could look forward to a bright future, as the beloved mistress of a certain stonecutter's comfortable home; of which stonecutter's existence Monsieur Reboul was quite unconscious.

Her thoughts of François, her young warm-hearted lover, and of the two strong arms ready at a word from her to do unheard-of miracles, dimpled her cheeks with smiles, and entirely banished the uncomfortable cogitations which had preceded them; taking up her basket, she arose; and, looking around her, began to consider which path she ought to follow, to find the most direct road to Maillot.

She was still undecided, when a whole herd of deer dashed down the north alley towards her, and broke forcibly through the thick covert beyond, as if driven forward by intense fear. She was startled by the sudden apparition, for a moment's consideration convinced her that what had terrified them might terrify her also, and that the part of the forest from which they had been driven was that which she must cross to reach Maillot. Timid as a deer herself, at this thought she strained her eyes in the direction whence they had come, but could see nothing. She listened; all was still again, not a leaf stirred,—and yet, was it fancy, or was it her sense of hearing excited by fear to a painful degree of acuteness, that made her imagine that she heard, at an immense distance, a muffled sound of wheels and of the tramp of horses' feet? She wrung her hands in terror; for, satisfied that no earthly carriage could force its way through the tangled forest paths, she could only suppose that something supernatural and terrible was about to blast her sight; still, as if fascinated, she gazed on the direction of the rapidly increasing sounds. Not a wink of her eyes distracted her sight as she peered through the intervening branches. Presently, a huge body, preceded by something that caught and reflected the straggling rays of sunshine that penetrated between the trees, was seen crushing through the brushwood. Nearer and nearer it came, with a curiously undulating movement, and accompanied by the same strange, dull, inexplicable sound, until, as it paused at a few hundred paces from her place of concealment, she perceived to her intense relief that the object of her terror was nothing more than an earthly vehicle of wood and iron, in the form of one of the unwieldy coaches of the day, drawn by a team of strong Flanders horses; and that the strange muffled sound which had accompanied it, arose solely from the elasticity the turf over which it rolled having deadened the noise of the wheels and the horses' hoofs. The relief from supernatural terrors, however, rendered Alix only the more exposed to earthly fears; and, when a second glance at the carriage showed her that the glistening objects which had caught her eye at a distance were the polished barrels of mousquetons, or heavy carbines, carried by two men who occupied the driving seat, she slipped from her hiding-place behind the large oak tree, and carefully ensconced herself among the thick bushes that overshadowed the rocks.

Scarcely had she done this, before one of the armed men got down from the box, and walked round the circular glade, scanning it with a curious and penetrating glance. For a moment, he paused before the old oak, as if attracted by some flowers Alix had dropped; but, another quick, searching look seeming to satisfy him, he returned to the carriage and stood by the door, as if in conference with some one inside.

"Thank Heaven!" thought Alix, "he sees that the carriage cannot pass further in this direction; I shall not, therefore, be kept here long;" and her curiosity as to what was next to be done, gaining predominance over her fears, she again peered eagerly between the branches. A gentleman got out of the carriage, and examined the little glade as carefully as his servant had done.

"What a handsome man!" thought Alix. "What a grand dress he has! all silk and velvet!"

She fixed an admiring glance on the tall, noble-looking figure that stood, for a moment, silent and still, in the centre of the amphitheatre.

"It will do, Pierre," he said, at length, as he turned on his steps; "begin your work."

Pierre bowed, and, without speaking, pointed to a little plot of ground, of peculiarly bright green, with a dark ring round it—a fairy-ring, in short, so named in all countries—which lay almost directly opposite to Alix's hiding-place.

"Yes," was the brief answer. "Call Joseph to help; we are at least an hour too late."

The strong rigidity of the speaker's countenance caused Alix to tremble, although she did not know why, unless it was in her dread of falling into his hands as a spy of his secret actions, whatever they might be; for he was evidently not a man to be trifled with.

Pierre went back to the carriage, from which the other man had already descended, and together they took, from the hind boot, a couple of pickaxes and spades, with which they speedily began to cut away the turf of the green ring, for a space of some six or eight feet in length, and as many in breadth.

She could distinctly see Pierre's face, and perceived that it was not one she had ever seen before. That of Joseph was concealed from her, as he worked with his back towards her; but there was something about his dress and appearance which seemed familiar to her, and which was very different from that of Pierre. But what strange kind of hole was that they were digging?

"Holy Mother of Mercy, it is a grave!"

As this idea occurred to her, her blood ran cold; but the sudden thought underwent as sudden a change when, the second man turning his face towards her, she recognized, to her amazement, the countenance of her admirer, the old bailiff.

The sight of his face dissipated her gloomy suspicions, and she speedily persuaded herself that instead of a grave to hide some dreadful deed, they were digging for some of the concealed treasures which everybody knew were buried in the forest. Monsieur Reboul had often told her that he had heard of them from his grandmother, so it was natural enough he should be ready to seek them. How she would torment him with the secret thus strangely acquired!

From her merry speculations she was roused at length by the re-appearance of the tall man, carrying in his arms something wrapped in a horseman's cloak, and followed by another and younger figure, bearing, like himself, all the outward signs belonging to the highest class of the nobility, though on his features was stamped an expression of cruelty and harshness.

"Going to bury a treasure, rather than seek one," thought Alix. "Very well, Monsieur Reboul, I have you still!"

The tall man, meanwhile, had placed his burden on the ground. Removing the cloak that covered it, he now displayed to Alix's astonished eyes a young and very lovely lady. For a moment, the fair creature stood motionless where she was placed, as if dazzled by the sudden light; but it was for a moment only, and then she flung herself on the ground at the feet of the elder man, beseeching him to have mercy upon her, to remember that she was young, and that life, any life, was dear to her.

The man moved not a muscle, uttered not a word, save these,

"I have sworn it!"

The girl—for she looked little more than sixteen—pressed her hands on her bosom, as if to still the suffocating beating of her heart, and was silent. Such silence! Such anguish!—Alix trembled as if she herself were under the sentence of that cruel man. But, now the grave was finished; for grave it seemed to be, and one, too, destined to enclose that living, panting, beautiful creature. The old man laid his hand upon her arm, and drew her forcibly to the edge of the gaping hole.

With sudden strength she wrenched herself from his grasp; and, with a wild and thrilling shriek, rushed to the young man, clung to him, kissed his hands, his feet, raised her wild, tearless eyes to his, and implored for mercy, with

Selected Poetry.

REFLECTIONS

Selected Sketch.

THE WRONGS OF WOMEN.

THE CASE OF MRS. NORTON.

[For under the above head, which is of very striking, but much too long for our columns, Lord Lytton. Fortnum" the last number of Dickens's "Household Words" contains the following history of the unfortunate married lady at the gilted peerage, Mrs. Caroline Norton. The name of Mrs Norton is familiar to the article, but there can be no doubt that she is the lady referred to. The English laws in respect to the rights of married women sadly need amendment; and Americans have also, as far as they are open to the different States to similar objections. We trust that to the species of Woman's Rights, all just and generous men will ever give their sanction and support.—Editor of the Saturday Morning Post.]

The prayers were made, the benediction given, the bells rung out their lusty epithalamium, and by the law of the Church and the land of the land, Charlotte and Robert Dundas were henceforth one—one to interests, one in life. We shall rights or selfish individuality are so diminishing between them as the usual laws to weaken her devotion by offering a unphrasable advantage against him; the wife and bonds none could break—their two lives would of legendary, one and indivisible forever—they set their names to that term of marriage, which so many have signed in hope, to read over her a long lifetime of bitterness and despair. Yet what can be more beautiful than the ideal of an English marriage? This strict union of interests—although it does mean the absorption of all her rights, individually, legal existence, and but not recognition by the law—yet how beautiful it is in the ideal! In which, as they wander lying sun in the shadow of his strength, upheld by his hand, cherished by it to his heart's keeping, in the larger being of her husband: which is, in the vanguard of life, protects her from all evil, and shields her against danger, and takes on herself alone the strife and the worry and the danger, and the struggle. What can be the lightful picture of unselfishness and chivalry, of devotedness, and manly protection; and what sacrilege is such a poetic fact as the duty code of our laws!

Like all merely married women, this woman would have leaned with horror on any proposition for the revision of the legal point. Lonely would have been desolation to her, and the protection of the laws she would have repudiated as implying a deceit of her husband's love. She had been taught to believe in man, and to honor them: and she did not wish to unlearn her lesson. The profound constitution of their respectively formed one of the cardinal points of her social creed: and young heroine of love eager to escape from their anchorage of trust. She was a willing slave because she was a faithful worshipper, and it seemed to her but fit, and right, and natural, that the lover should be subservient to the idol of his love. For the first few weeks all went according to the neighbours of her belief. The newly-loved epic was written in letters of gold, and bound, and in the brightest colors of youth, and hope, and love: and she believed that the married heaven would continue the story of those stories by turned over, and that the glories of the future would be like to the glories of the past. She believed as others, acted and loving, have believed: and she awoke, like others, to the bitter fruit of knowledge was between her lips, and the dead leaves of her young hopes strewed the ground at her feet.

The gold of the blossomed book was soon tarnished. Its tinted leaves told of love, envy, falsehood, and a hate whose name, when it was burnt out, left no friendship or mental sympathy to keep alive the pale ashes. On the contrary, quarrels soon took the place of mating caresses, and bitter words echoed the last sounds of fond pleasure: no real heart union were knots lost in place of the bright bonds which burnt into them. Her husband did not, but, with the extravagance of this miserable man, he could not be reckless enough to squander away her fortune, unless she consented to it. Her property was settled upon herself and children from their mother's love, and gave her the advantage of those who struggled for independence fitly carried on by such means. Time passed, and still the quarrel and the separation continued, and the bitterness grew. Then came the fate of sure—the kind made by our hands, then hardest and unwithdrawn—the vow of a legal permitted to see her. But only at rooms, and at certain hours, and in the cabinet friends in the house. Then came the birth of her daughter all natural intercourse with her mother, and he exercised his privileges to the utmost. He refused her the power of pity flagellation to her face, and so breath of mercy warmed the breast of the blackened and unfeeling. Against the decree of the law, what was the protecting cry of nature? A useless whistling among the reeds of a dumb instrument, which no tone breathed or no voice answered.

Years passed by steadily on. Long years of tossing down her proud heart, laden almost beyond its strength: long years of battle with the world, and with her children like the mother who the mother's soul stood in the dark valley of the shadow of death. But the end came at last: the criminal law swept on the beaten track, and no one stepped to sob over whose heart this victim, and Mr. S. was carried to the grave. Then—as to whom Gen has delegated the care of her young—she on whom he shame and disgrace of her daughter, and the loss of her widowed marriage whatsoever; she,—a man's wife, and a man's child-bed—childless. She was the woman who had lain beneath her heart, and drunk of her life. The law in this respect is now changed. Henceforth, mothers this sufferer have hard to show its cruelty. The misery inflicted upon her unnatural wife will be endured by no other English mother.

Pecuniary matters came in next, as further consequences of this miserable work. By the marriage settlements a certain sum of money had been secured to the children: the principal of which, should her husband survive her, she could touch. It belonged to the children and the mother, emphatically entitled to its custody. After many years of negotiation, the husband applied to his wife for her consent to his raising a loan on this principal for the purpose of paying off his debts. She refused that consent. If he, on his part, would advance a deed of separation, and make her a certain allowance for life. Hitherto she had mainly supported herself by the assistance of her friends. Without such an allowance she proposed, the agreement was entered into, and she gave her consent. Then a loan should be raised on the trust-fund for her husband's sole advantage. She received in exchange a deed drawn up by her husband's lawyer and her husband, securing her the stipulated sum to be handed over to her for life. Two years after, her mother died, and the husband inherited the life-interest of his wife's portion from the father. At the same time a legacy of eleven hundred a year, carefully secured from her husband by every legal hindrance possible, fell to her also from her mother. When her husband knew of this legacy, he wrote to her, telling her that he would not now continue her former allowance, which had been secured, by the husband, by false representations, and that she must look to her own resources for support. She replied that she had no resources, except her own exertions, and that she must continue to receive the income on the principal of her own property. Then he refused to pay the income, and she sued him, and obtained an order from the Court of Chancery that he should pay her the principal of her own property. The deed for which she had exchanged it, her power over the disposal of her own property, remained in his hands.

This brought on the next attempt on her husband, by another law suit, which ended in the same way. Then came the birth of her son, and the same suit was brought, and the same end for them. He died at a year old, and the husband refused to pay the income derived from his death. Then came the birth of her daughter, and the same suit was brought, and the same end for them. He died at a year old, and the husband refused to pay the income derived from his death. Then came the birth of her son

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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VOLUME XXXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1854. WHOLE NO. 1714.

Choice Poetry.

TO A BELOVED ONE.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

Heaven hath its crown of stars, the earth
Her fairy robe of flowers—
The sea its pearls—the ground old woods
Their sunny and gramming showers:
The birds have homes, where love and blooms
In beauty wreathe above,
And happy hearts, their rainbow dreams—
And we, sweet! we have love.

We walk not with the jewelled great,
We bend not to a smile;
Yet here we wealth we would not give
For all their world of gold!
We never rest in rose and wine,
Yet have we fruits we would not give
For all their world of gold!
We have no home like Heaven's love,
Yet have we one as sweet,
Where we, like birds, build in the trees,
And hear no more the street.

There's sorrow for the falling pear,
Oh Mossy's broom sorrel,
Rich robes for ragged nests, and crowns
For bowbended brows Cain-cursed!
But Cherubim, with clasping wings,
Fence about us,
And, happiest of God's happy things,
There's love for you and me!

The lips, that live till death, have tasted
Life's water into wine,
The sweet of meeting through thy looks,
Hath made my life divine.
All Love's deep grammar hath been kept,
There's none to me want given;
A heller for my soul to climb,
And summer up to Heaven!

I know our heart' that is our lot
May rough waves and severe be,
But, Love's rock rainbow hail from tears,
Proves our sky cleared for me.
The sunshine from our sky may die,
The greenness from Life's tree,
But never, and by never storm,
Thy soul shall shrivelled be.

I see thee, Ancest of my life!
Thou hast at me visitor in the skies,
And beauty on thy brow doth rest
The world may never know, dear heart!
What I have found in thee.
But, though nought to the world dear heart!
Thou'rt all the world to me!

Original Novelet.

THE STEP-MOTHER.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

NARRATIVE.

Were Aunt Hitty's heaven a pattern of sunshine, clear blue sky, and fleecy clouds, I suppose! Did a speck of dirt ever dare to make its habitation there? Or was it the wise co-operation on the tables that you could see your face in? Weren't there less noise on that Heavenly shore than in the bright city I think of? Were there more than one angel of dress-dancer to be satisfied? Was that pearl gleam not a little too much—an example by the-way, to Peter Piper, who picked his peck of pickled peppers?—ever known to jog one inch from the lowly portion of his particular shine? Was the brick-dust shepherdess, with crooks of bows and flocks of curls of crimp, scolding her crook from time immemorial over her right shoulder, a pattern of patience to all her sex, like-wise—never known to have her head-dress and identical wall flower, under which she was reared in the year one, blown off? Did she forgotten the precise date, besides it is not polite to tell a lady's age, and in this case Miss Hitty arranged them herself—or ever forget to stitch more than nine-and thirty, and had just nine-and-thirty?

Did a chair fail to obey discipline, and stand bent-face in a straight line, like a well trained school? Did the tall river preserve its wonted path into ours? Didn't the spiders know that it wasn't in order to carry on a line of their correspondence over the house tops or in the cellars? Didn't the very chickens prescribe a circle just one foot from the house? But all these, helped each corn couldn't tempt them? Did old daddie dare to give less than three quarts one day exactly? Or was there everything in order, inanimate, and between the two, how Aunt Hitty was a perfect housekeeper, but she would generally, and indecisive patience.

It was a warm sunny afternoon in the beginning of September. Aunt Hitty had "done up" the work, taken her nap, and put on a well starched and brown mixed "calaker," with a cap whose ribbon had only changed color six times. It would not be a decent day if the muffin didn't get to it. Aunt Hitty was universally allowed to be a good cook. Her muffins were of golden kind-hearted, and if any one would ask for her the latter to get sick, absolutely refused to do so, and would say, "Let her die!"

Then to see her preparing "matters," as she called it, was a sight. But all Aunt Hitty's fashioned she had an hundred and sixty-eight, drying and cured, long up under the rafters of the old-fashioned garret, would do the and body as a benevolent man good. "I like to see them," she would say, "all comfortable and neat," and the medical faculty will please take notice that Aunt Hitty, not myself, added, that she never knew a person to die of dried apples" which killed twice where it cured once. Aunt Hitty was a firm believer in the old saying, "Once a warm sunny day in the first of September.

On a small table, mathematically arranged, stood little Aunt Hitty's solitary tea-set, the only product of her garden. It was evident that the tea-set was expected. At least Hitty was aware that the comfortable entry, with its one strip of cool matting, and looked down upon by the sun, was not the place for her dear friends from the Court House past her door into the Meeting House.

Presently her nieces, the children, a boy and a girl, came with a little open basket, in which were flowers, green, glossy leaves, large straw berries.

Aunt Hitty, here's a present to you from Mr. Sandford, who sends his compliments."

"Does he?" exclaimed the old lady, both her hands before she touched the flowers. "I should have lived, Lilly and Aunt Hitty," counting out pretending as she spoke, "one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, go and eat some berries. You are older than Lilly, and a leg, you must remember that you are company, and when she order you round, and tasks you come after her back and call, and all that."

"She'd better not," answered Will, who knew he was a favorite with the old lady, "but don't you think, Aunt Hitty, I ought Lilly, but she's a little ungrateful to teach my darling to call her "aunties." I shall take pains to my wag, too."

I thought once she was winning Lilly from me, but the child has lately been more distant than ever. I can sit and talk with Aunt Hitty," counting out pretending as she spoke here, when it stands to reason they can't see—it isn't in nature—just stop awhile and see."

"I have been stopping awhile," exclaimed Lilly with spirit, pulling impatiently at her bonnet string that had got a knot in it, "and I don't see anything like make-believe about her. I like her, and I tell sister Kate so, and I think it's wrong to be so cool and ugly, and make her feel so badly, especially when she bears it so patiently, and don't tell you some things other folks would."

Will looked uncomfortable, gave a savage shake of the head, and with his mouth full of grapes, declared, that if she was to make trouble between him and his darling, he'd run away, that's what he would. *He* had some spirit, and he wasn't going to be jeered at by all the boys in school, who plagued him every day mending his bad a step-mother.

"Poor things, poor things," cried Aunt Hitty with emphasis, "why and-bye, if they lived longer, they'd know more—and that was a poor consolation, considering what a world it was—but all she had to say, was, come to her in any trouble, they were her brother's children, they shouldn't be a pet spoon," her home was their home, poor dears!"

"The best of it is, Aunt Hitty," added Will, adjusting his fishing tackle, for there was a circumlating back of the house, "is very best thing of it is, that Mrs. Elmwood hasn't got Miss Helen completely on her side," (a pretty pair,) ejaculated Aunt Hitty, "Miss Helen know if she can't bear her," and she says it's our duty to love and obey my father's wife, and I hope Lettie ain't—no! no! no, there would be little comfort in living among her eyes closed, and her lips moving in audible prayer! No, she is, then, a Christian! I wonder if she prays for me! Now, it strike me that some mother woman placed in her situation would take advantage of our pitiful condition and orphanage with equal pride, or return our indifference with interest. But she is a Christian; what a strange thrill it wakes in my own heart!—and but a Christian; no, no; if so, there would be little room for this malignant spirit that sometimes almost chokes me. I wonder if I have mistaken her character I perhaps I have. But then were she an angel, I could not bear to see the love of my little ones transferred to her. No! that would indeed break my heart, already so wounded.

It has seemed a long week, but tother has at last returned. He is willing I should go to Uncle Porter's for as long as I like, and take with me one of the children—any one I will. Which shall it be, Lilly or Ross? He tells me to take Lilly; so, then shall go. He has been considerable to advise me, perhaps.

Mrs. Elmwood is very intimate with Miss Helen. They walk, ride, read together, practised together several winters. They are both accomplished, I suppose I suppose I contribute my quota of amusement. I have been singing song after song to Aunt Peter, and I am certain I had Hitty's ear, and I am quite a little while. "Do let me just hold it," she says, and I hang the wreath on her little waxen fingers, and I sing, and I think I am a little heartily, and throwing back her head like a bird—it's so pretty, dear Aunt Hitty, don't it see so pretty?" She has not once asked after my father's wife—oh! could I but keep her silence—but she never will be asked to think of her. I have an idolatress love for that child, and it grows late—I must draw near. I hear the jingle, jingle, clear the way" of sleigh bells in the distance, and I really am anxious for the evening to come.

A little nervous to-day—the events of last night were so mingled and strange, that I can scarcely arrange my mind to note them down. I was in a strange mood when I went back my hair sat at beside at Aunt Peter's earnest entreaty. I have not worn it in rings so long that I looked odd in myself, but a single flowers gave not an unpleasing effect to the classical cast of my features. "Let it be," I said Edgermont: I almost shrieked the words, for I could not double down my pride, when a remonstrance was made with looks at warm admiration, commanding presence, and an air of polished and majestic. I knew so quickly as I had known before, this was her father, but he was not the same. He looked at me coldly, set forth, and when he turned to her, his tone shook with tenderness. Love I recognized all the ways, after Rose had gone to sleep, leaving her head against my arm, whose could be this strong heart-beat? And I never had known with her father's child—then came the mingled emotions of surprise, the color of reality that also was a consumptive.

Here they have come, as our load of hills, to try if their breezes will not blow the cloud from bring back strength to those late, young, pampered limbs. She is their darling—only one—the child of their old age, and she is very dear to heaven. They cling to her even as they say, as having a reward through their love. "They will be so done!" Awestruck at her drooping loveliness, they sometimes wonder whether God will not count them unworthy of her, and take her closer to the better world.

Do I love her? Yes! said Billy Bottom, the stage driver, "yes, I know who they are. They came from what they call down south, and they're rich, and they're proud, and the doctors say she can't stand it a month, having a cough through her throat. So they've got her from me—he cannot be. Yet why should I not? Are not my own parents dead? Have I not been thrown upon the world? Shall I wish to be thrown entirely upon the world? Shall I wish to be left entirely upon the world? Shall I wish to be left entirely upon the world? Shall I wish to be left

such an agony of terror in her bosom, tenfold twice, that the young man's powerful frame shook as if struck by ages. Involuntarily, unconsciously he clasped her in his arms. Oh! he might have said or done, God knows, had the fell ruin allowed him time; but already he was upon them, and snatched the girl from his embrace. The young man turned deep with a look as terrible that Allie never recalled it, never spoke of it afterwards, without an involuntary shudder.

"Kill me first," shrieked the poor girl, as her executioner dragged her a second time to their living place. "Put Allie, not Allie, out of my father, not alive."

"I have no child, you no father!" was the stern reply. The young man hid his face in his hands, and Allie saw them thrust their victim into the grave; but she saw no more her, while a cry almost as startling as that which the murdered lady had uttered, she fled from her environment back to the village. Panting, she rushed on without pause, without hesitation, through sunken eyes; her short quick cries for « Help! help! help!" showing the one idea that possessed her; but she knew not until she stopped exhausted and breathless at the first house in the village, that of the curé.

"Come, come at once; they will have killed her!" she exclaimed.

"What is the matter, my poor girl?" he asked in amazement, as, pushing back his spectacles, he raised his head from his breviary.

"Oh, come, sir! I will tell you as we go. Where is Francois? He would help me! Oh, what shall I do, what shall I do? Come, do come!"

There was no mistaking the look of agitation in her face; the curé yielded to her entreaties and followed her. As they quitted the house, they met some laborers with spades in their hands, going to their daily work.

"Make haste and come with us," Allie said, "and bring their spades!"

The rare did so, and in an incredibly short space of time the little party reached the gruesome spot. The spot was vacant now, no formerly carriage, horses, or drivers.—One sanguinary victim, all had disappeared as if by magic; and, in the quiet sylvan solitude, not a trace save the newly-turned soil was perceptible of the tragedy enacted there so lately. But Allie said not to glance around her; going directly up to the total spot, she gasped out, "Dig, dig!"

No one knew why the order was given, nor what they were expected to find; but her eager ness had extended itself to the whole party and they at once set to work, while she, on her prostrate on the ground, tried to aid them by tearing up the sods with her hands. At length the turf was removed, and a universal cry of horror was heard, when the body of the unhappy girl was discovered.

"Take her out; she is not dead!" Monsieur le Curé saw her; tell us how to save her!"

The laborers gently raised the body, and placed it in Allie's arms, as she still sat on the ground. They chafed the cold hands, loosened the rich dress—the poor girl's only dress—and but she gave no signs of life.

"Water, water!" cried Allie.

No lonstain was near but the rough men gathered the dead horse crowded around, and sprinkled the pale face with the dew they held. For a second they all hoped: the eyes quite quivered, and a faint pulsation in the heart was clearly perceptible.

"But that was all. They had come too late.

The cure bent over the dead and repeated the solemn "De profundis clamavi ad te Domine," and then all joined in the solemn chorus, "Dies ire, dies illa!" as they gently bore the corpse from the place of its savage expulsion, to holy ground for sacred dust. the body was exposed in an open coffin in the little village church of Montgeron; and every effort was made to track the perpetrators of this dreadful deed. But in vain; no trace of them could be found. An innate dread of some personal mischief as seized Allie's lips with respect to the occupation of the Bastile, and all inquiries as to the passing of a carriage such as she had described, between Maillet and Noreuil, were made unsuccessfully.

The dress of the young lady was carefully examined. In hopes of the discovery of her name by means of ciphers or initials on her linen; but there were none. The satin robe, the jewels she had worn on her neck, bodice, and the delicate flowers twined in her hair, gave evidence that she had been carried away from some gay fête. From the ring on her marriage finger they suggest she was a wife; but there all conjecture ended. In the same burial in holy ground her gold ring and other ornaments were hung up in the church, in the hope that some day a claimant might arise who could unravel the strange mystery; and closing them was suggested to the orphaned by Allie, in gratitude for her own escape.

The story was never cleared up. Monsieur Rebeval was never seen again, and Allie had at last her haunted cottage that she never afterwards dared to take a solitary walk, especially near the fatal green ring in the heath. For hopes it was this dread of being alone, or perhaps the mysterious disappearance of Monsieur Rebeval, which tempted her soon afterwards, to follow the advice of her neighbors, and become the wife of Francois, the wonsetter. The marriage was a happy one, and a time came when the remembrance of that fatal Eve at St John was recalled more as a strange legend to be told to her children and grandchildren than as a fearful drama in which she had been a taken part.

In the revolutionary struggles which followed, the ornaments of the murdered girl were with other relics of the regime, lost or removed from the silent village church. Yet all its old logers there still, and, like many another strange story, it is a true one.

Clippings.

☞ SMART.—"Why, Mr. C.," said a lady friends to a little person in company with half a dozen large men, "if I presume that you are a small I did not see you before." — "Very likely. I am like a sixpence among six copper pennies: not readily perceived, but worth the whole of them."

☞ An old negro meeting in Wilmington, Del., the following, among other things, was said :—The State of Delaware, though small in territory, has produced many eminent men; not the least of whom was the illustrious Rev. ——, and of whom it may be said, as of his great namesake in France, that he was *sans pear et sans reproche.*"

☞ At a serious instance of strange property the indulging steward with a glimpse of the heretics, we may mention on the authority of the Albany *Evening Atlas*, that a prisoner from the country applied to the Sheriff for permission for his wife to be present at the execution of Hendrickson. The Sheriff was compelled to reply that the law forbade him the pleasure of granting so lady-like a curiosity.

☞ "That's a sad fifty cent piece, sir," said a mendicant to one of the patients—"I can't take it: it's only lead silvered over." —"Well, now," replied the other in an ironical dog-rocket, "admitting that to be the fact I should say the ingenuity displayed in the deception ought to pass to accept it as genuine, the devotion of the same to the divine idea of charity. Lonsty, the idol of an alb! the having enough for half a hundre load, in order to render it worthier of that glorious impression, and the benevolence to make it shining it over! And shall we harshly reproach him with? Oh, no, no! You'll take it, I know you will!" The fellow ought to have been a politician.

☞ The Philadelphia Mint last year coined twenty times the amount that was coined there in London or Paris. Its gold and copper coinage fall short of theirs, but silver, it is said as much as both of them put together.

☞ The N. Y. Courier argues that the war with Russia is not going to materially affect the great business interests of England. The cessation of trade with Russia will hardly be felt —even should the war prove to be a long and a general one, all experience, as well as reason, goes to show that it cannot affect the broad foundations of the nation's prosperity.

☞ "Women's Rights in Secession.—In Perry County, Illinois" says the Montrose (Penn.) Democrat, "a woman has been elected constable."

☞ Sensible.—A Washington clergyman, on a Sunday or two since, while stating a fact current in the conference, remarked that since the leader of that conference had removed to his church had decreased nearly one half!

☞ The grass is the demand for scientific in the French army, that the price ranges from 1,000 to 4,000 francs.

LYCEUM.

This is the city of the Lyceum.

That, propagating well, Chicago feels sure.

☞ Gas at Nantucket.—On the island of Nantucket, the cradle and home of the whale fishery, the sum of $1,400 has already been subscribed towards the formation of a gas company.

ANY wishes and good deeds—they come not gone Then I'll keep again—no debt, to the door The coming of love Eve back when they hope For spring of outward joys to day wish.—*Dana.*

SATURDAY

EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1854.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $1, if paid in advance, or $1 50 if paid in 6 months. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent to one post office, or to as many as the country in one Post Office:

5 Copies, - - - $5.00 Per Annum.
8 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,) - - $10,00
15 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,) - - $15,00
20 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,) - - $20,00

ADDITION TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, and at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured. We cannot use the risk of money by redirected from the amount.

Letters or communications for Clubs, should confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the Post Office as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters* should be post paid.

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to which they have been sent, as well as that they wish it hereafter sent to.

We print our old friends the POST-MASTERS will exert themselves and get up large Clubs or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of the offer, we hope they will favor us by sending us their own Prospectus to other influential and respectable persons who will be willing to do so.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Among the contributions to the Post during the past year, will be found those of Mrs. Denison, author of "Home Pictures."

&c.—Original Sketches by Grace Greenwood.—The Fatal Vow, by Mrs. Southworth —Letters from Distinguished Men.—Letters from Europe by "C. G." and the Rev. Mr. Mandeville, &c. &c.

Choice selections from foreign and domestic sources, Engravings, the News, Congressional Reports, &c., &c., shall be given as heretofore.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Constant Reader.—We have no objection to advertising a receipt in a manner becoming a family paper, for curing the disease you complain to be. But our advertisements must state in terms what they really have to say. If they do not, we would no more advertise as an evil thing.

THE NEBRASKA BILL.

The Kansas-Nebraska Bill has passed the Senate in the same form in which it came from the House—the Clayton amendment, restricting foreigners from voting, being stricken out. Attention to reinsert was defeated by a large majority—a majority of 15 in the House, it is said, is all that the existence of the bill, by send to the House, the vote on the bill in the Senate, was by 35 to 13 says.

Since the passage of the Missouri Compromise in 1820, no question of equal importance to the people of the North—involved in the passage of the present bill—has been before Congress. It has now been decided—so far as the Representatives of the North are concerned—against the last decision will be that of the People them selves. And we do this to suppose that the Congressional opposition of the Northern States, and the North, numbering the whole of one grand party and one which has not yet had appeal from the verdict of Congress, to that of the Nation at large. In fact, there are now no other political issues of any importance, before the people, those which naturally connected themselves with it.

That the Missouri Compromise will ever be re-enacted, is an event we exceedingly doubt. For even the great majority of those who have opposed its repeal, were originally its strenuous advocates—on the ground that it yielded too much to the slaveholding interest. They opposed it so long as they thought they could get something better—and only rallied to its support, when they thought its repeal menaced the stability of all. But the repeal once carried, it is hardly probable that they will stop short, in triumphant in their turn, of interdicting the future admission of any State to the Union which tolerates the institution of slavery.

The great question, therefore, which still remains for the Missouri Compromise Majority to bring at once before the people of the Union and decide is this: Is the power and influence of the General Government to be systematically exerted in favor of the Propagation and Extension of Slavery? Or in favor of its Limitation and Abolition?

Which it may be added, it is evident, which how has to be not for the people of the United States, but North and South. The issue which has existed for fifty years has been at last concluded—we will not meet the excitable question of how fairly or how unfairly—and the fa thers of history and the fathers of the country shall, once more face to face, to battle admitted and Independence of Slavery.

We are already seeing to strengthen their position by assuming Cuba, by subjecting by Dominge by purchasing or conquering any part of Mexico—and as a Charleston paper openly advocates—by compelling the Canadians to submit to bondage and ecclesiastic surprises. The Washington Union speaks of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise as "restoring to the Southern States their *natural* rights." And there can be no doubt if any Southern State should secede, that are the existence of negative annexation and conquest be taken in one of the pretexts.

That this final contest between those two hugely antagonistic principles, sanctioned for the first time by the American people, will take place without losing that Union in the attempt, we do not believe. Secession, in the present temper of the Northern States, would be treason—the National Constitution portions of the country if there be any. Such a contest, attended with the fearful sacrifice of life, might seriously in calculate the future of the Union, and, at the same time, if Anti-slavery triumphs should be the result of the seventy fully wedded to the heirs at the Confederacy, the Union would be lost. Secession, also will calculate very narrowly the value of the Union in their lists. We believe, however, that these calculations will not be put of execution, will amount to nothing—unless it be perhaps, in which they may serve to show how small are the dignity of the vanquished party. while it confirms the victory of the triumphant one.

Such is the view which opens before our eyes as the result of the late action of Congress. As we do not profess to be either a prophet, or the son of a prophet, we may be mistaken in the conclusions we have drawn. We give our opinions, however, for what they are worth, and think that the country will not be prepared before many years, that we are not mistaken.

North Anna and Mexico.—Santa Anna has not been assassinated after all, but has only triumphed over him, or the result of the contest was a drawn game. As both parties seem to be heartily sick of fighting, we hope that they will compromise their matters. Mexico is not worth the blood of a single man, and the question of the necessity fully wedded to the heirs at the Confederacy, would be settled by the Mexican Revolution, also will calculate very narrowly the value of the Union in their lists. We believe, however, that these calculations will not be put of execution, will amount to nothing—unless it be perhaps, in which they may serve to show how small are the dignity of the vanquished party. while it confirms the victory of the triumphant one.

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Prayers for Congress.—Certain memorials recently were addressed to Congress, asking that the office of Chaplain in the army, navy, Congress, &c., be abolished. Those memorials were referred in the House to the Judiciary Committee, the chairman of whom, Hon. Mr. Meacham, of Vermont—reports that the prayer of the petitioners ought not to be granted. He says that the House has never refused to

"If there be a God who hears prayer—as we believe there is—we cannot but think that *such a declaration* by the representatives of the people, *would be an insult to the Congress of the United States.* If we could believe that the Supreme Ruler of the Universe is a monster to the prayers of the living, then, indeed, we should throw down our altars, for we could have their views of personal importance daily impressed by the conviction that they are under the government of a Supreme Power."

Now while we are inclined to agree with the Rev. Mr. Meacham, that there never was a body which needed praying for more than the present Congress, we question whether the prayers of the petitioners for the membership will be answered of good. We frequently see it stated, in letters from Washington, that the members of the House especially, as a general thing, pay very little attention to the prayers, but go on with their latter-importing, conversation, swearing, &c., as if the clerk were merely reading some dull and uninteresting document. We have also seen the conclusion that all the great and good men, at the time of the Revolution, thought that Congress only were partakers of its prayers—and that the Congress of the present day, was the only one in its history that was not. Divine, we believe, is the only body that has ever claimed that its deliberations should be opened with prayer, and that is in—*I, where he might be!*

The Chairman of the Judiciary Committee thinks Congress needs praying for very badly; and, from the above specimen, we think the members of the Cabinet will be inclined to the same for some means of spiritual improvement.

Pennsylvania Railroad.—At the late meeting, the subject of the appointment of a Board Line of Public Works was referred to a Committee of twenty-one for consideration. The Directors already appointed, the Committee was resolved to make an additional loan of $6,000,000.

New Publications.

Who commence all, his course is problems; who persevere, his prize is worthless.

History of the Protestant Church in Hungary. With an Introduction by D'Aubigne. Published by Lippincott, Grambo & Co. Philadelphia, and for sale by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia.

This is a work of great interest, and one that will be read by many with avidity. The history of the struggles between the Protestants and Catholics of Hungary, is one of thrilling interest, and the cruelties practised upon the former by the latter, are of the most appalling character. The work is from the pen of a Protestant clergyman, who has been a resident of Hungary for many years, and who has had the best opportunities of becoming acquainted with the facts which he relates. The publishers have done justice to the work in the manner of its publication, and it is one that should be in the hands of every family.

Lectures on Science and Truth. By Samuel Bowles. Published by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

This is a small work within work: the subject does not much admit of originality, but the author evinces great research, and patient toiling to collect from the writings of others, the various subjects existing vaguely in the minds of all, but concentrated in few. The introduction, or opening paper, on the "Independence of Belief on the Will," is remarkable for clearness and force.

Thoughts and the Times. By J. C. Smith. Published by Lippincott, Grambo & Co. Philadelphia, and for sale by booksellers generally.

A book of considerable readable matter, regarded from a Methodist standpoint. It is not marked by repetition on repetition, and stuffed to proper plumpness with a compound of Turkish and Scriptural quotations, but is the production of a legitimate way of swelling a descriptive volume to respectable size.

The Star Chamber. An Historical Romance By W. Harrison Ainsworth. Published by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

The workings of that iniquitous engine of oppression, the Star Chamber, and the support given to it by the holders of conditions, is the groundwork of one of the best of the Romances by this author.

The Bride of the Wilderness. By Emerson Bennett. Published by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

We need not describe the style of this author to the readers of the Post—suffice it to say that We observe that the Bride of the Wilderness is receiving the warm encomiums at many of our exchanges.

Foreign Letter.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

VIENNA CONTINUED.

A Comparison of the Health of Vienna with that of Other Cities—Causes of the Unhealthiness of Vienna.

To the national vanity of America, I am sure I have never contributed. With our national faults, we have also many virtues, and appreciation in matters over which we fancy we have no control, and therefore, to neighbors the satisfaction we have always found in not to blame people for we have a blameful; it may be a real superiority, a superiority of which we have little or no influence.

I have more than once had occasion to notice the erroneous impression, which is very prevalent in Europe, that the United States is the great appearance of Europeans, compared with their own, and that they are favored by nature and have expressed my conviction that if the superiority is not imaginary, it is greatly exaggerated. I have been struck by the almost healthy look of the English and Germans, but have attributed it to their habits of living, and to their out door life. My attention has been particularly excited repeatedly since my residence in Vienna by the appearance of the people in the streets, and I have frequently remarked to my friends that I could easily distinguish a native of Vienna from a foreigner, by the appearance of the face. I have also noticed repeatedly since my residence in Vienna, that the deaths in the city were in excess of the births, and I have frequently remarked to my friends, that I could not account for it, unless the air of the city was unhealthy.

Yesterday I was in conversation with a gentleman, who is a resident of Vienna, and who has been long enough in the city to form a correct opinion in the subject, by the remarkable preliminaries of pulmonary diseases, and he stated a result I had not anticipated, and which has led me to come to the conclusion that more than four-fifths of the deaths in Vienna are from pulmonary consumption, and that more than four-fifths of these diseases. It is true that the journal which I read contained but a small portion of the total deaths, but I am sure that it is correct. Since then I have had opportunity of seeing more recently registers, and am satisfied that the statement is correct. I received a short statement of the mortality of Philadelphia in the past year, I was not a little surprised to find that more than one-fifth of the population of the two cities differed by not more than a thousand, and seeing that the only real increase it is but fair to rate the population of Philadelphia at the present time at 400,000 souls, and that of Vienna at 400,000 souls. Another fact which I had not before noticed, and which

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1854.

Congressional News

THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS.
FIRST SESSION.

SENATE.

On the 22nd, Mr. Smith presented the resolutions of the Legislature of Connecticut on the subject of the Nebraska Bill and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, which were read.

Mr. Cass—I hope that those resolutions, when put into plain English, do not mean another Hartford Convention.

Mr. Smith replied, stating that the people of Connecticut would not consent to the bill—they will oppose it politically—they will oppose it constitutionally—they will oppose it through the efforts of their representatives in the two Houses of Congress. That is all that there is in the resolution. There is nothing in it in the shape of a threat.

Mr. Clayton submitted the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Committee upon Foreign Relations be instructed to inquire into the expediency of providing by law for such restrictions on the power of American Consuls residing in the Spanish West India Islands, to issue Sea Letters on the transfer of American vessels in those Islands, as will prevent the abuse of the American flag, in protecting persons engaged in the African slave trade.

Mr. Clayton said that since 1852, the slave trade had fearfully increased in Cuba. Previous to that time it had been almost exclusively confined to Brazil. During the past year, and the present one, thousands of negroes had been brought from both the East and West Coasts of Africa to Cuba. This trade had been principally carried on in American vessels, with American captains and crews, and thus abusing and disgracing our flag. This fact had attracted the attention of the civilized world. Good men at the South as well as the North, deplored this infernal trade, and would go as far as the men of the North to break it up. The vessels are built in the U. States, and carry out a cargo to Havana, are then sold, the captain being nominally the greatest owner. Instead of returning to the United States for a new register, they give up the old one, and receive from the American Consul what is called a sea letter, which is practically a new register. With a new cargo of empty casks, &c., the vessel is properly fitted up. The captain then sails for the Coast of Africa. His sea letter protects him from search by British and French cruisers, and the chances are but one in a thousand that he is captured before he has got aboard his complement of Africans and on his return to Cuba. The facility which these sea letters afford to vessels to engage in this traffic required attention. The Senators from Louisiana and Florida had addressed the Senate on former occasions concerning the supposed design of Spain to Africanize Cuba. The speech of the Senator from Louisiana had made a deep impression on his mind. Since then he had given the subject his attention, and from the present information before him he was forced now to doubt the correctness of the judgment to which the Senator had arrived. At all events, if Cuba be Africanized, it will be done by means of American vessels and American crews, for no other nation affords the same facilities for selling ships in foreign ports, and not by any consent and encouragement from the Spanish or Cuban authorities. He would deplore any effort to Africanize Cuba as much as any one. He knew of no calamity which could befal Cuba so great as that. No act could be conceived more suicidal for Spain herself. The United States had offered a hundred millions for Cuba. Spain owes England $80,000,000. He did not believe the philanthropy of Spain or England would ever throw that sum aside merely to emancipate slaves in Cuba. Cuba was the market for flour and some other products of old Spain. The fact that agriculturists of Spain had a monopoly in the trade with Cuba in flour, was one of the greatest obstacles to any cession by Spain of Cuba. This interest was all-powerful in Spain. No administration could stand a day, who would favor any proposition to destroy this monopoly of the trade with Cuba. This interest, from the same motive, would resist the Africanization of Cuba. He believed there was nothing further from the intention of the Spanish Government than to emancipate the slaves in Cuba, which would result in the immediate loss to her of the island.

Messrs. Weller and Mallory replied, and Mr. Clayton rejoined.

He hoped and believed that Cuba would, at some time, be annexed, or become part of the United States in some manner; but when that would or ought to take place he could not say. He had not seen any occasion for this Government, at this time, to interfere to secure it. He had heard it said that Spain would emancipate the slaves in Cuba, to prevent the United States from taking the island by violence. He had heard it openly stated by the late Spanish Minister, Calderon de la Barca, that in the event of the United States attempting to take Cuba by violence, Spain would declare the slaves free. But the Spanish Minister did not deny the possibility that Cuba would ultimately become a part of the United States.

The resolution was adopted.

On the 23d, Mr. Toucey said, relative to the Connecticut resolutions against Nebraska, that not one-fourth of the Democratic members voted for the resolutions—of those Democrats who voted for or against the resolutions, more than two-thirds voted against them.

Mr. Mason, from the Committee on Foreign Relations reported the following resolution, which was agreed to.

Resolved, That the President of the United States be requested to communicate to the Senate, if, in his opinion, it be compatible with the public interest, copies of all correspondence in the State Department on the slave trade in the Island of Cuba, and of any late decrees or other acts of the Spanish Government in the Island, connected with the same.

Mr. Douglas offered the following:

Resolved, That the Committee on Foreign Relations be instructed to inquire into the expediency of recognizing the independence of the Republic of Dominica, and of opening diplomatic intercourse with the same.

Mr. Chase objected to its consideration. Laid over.

Mr. Rusk reported back the House Bill regulating the pay of Deputy Postmasters, with an unimportant amendment. The amendment was agreed to, and the bill passed.

On the 24th, Mr. Seward presented numerous memorials in favor of the ship canal at Niagara Falls. Also, ten remonstrances against the Nebraska Bill, including one from one hundred and five Methodist clergymen, and one from 151 clergymen of Michigan.

Mr. Benjamin presented the resolutions of the Legislature of Louisiana, on the subject of the Africanization of Cuba.

Mr. Benjamin said he agreed with every word in the resolutions. Though not desiring to discuss the subject while it was pending before the Committee, he regretted much that the Senator from Delaware had denied the existence of facts going to show the Africanization of Cuba was really the design of the Spanish authorities. When the subject came before the Senate, he had no doubt but he could clearly substantiate the fact that such was really the intention.

Mr. Clayton asked if the Senator was to be understood as saying he could exhibit facts showing a present design on the part of Spain to emancipate the slaves in Cuba.

Mr. Benjamin said he did not suppose he should be able to make a mathematical demonstration of the fact, but he did expect to be able to present facts sufficient to satisfy any unprejudiced mind that such a scheme was now in progress, and was to be carried into operation at the earliest possible time.

Mr. Clayton said he did not think the Senator would be able to substantiate any such thing. Every day's intelligence, and the more and more he considered it, made him believe more strongly that the Spanish Government had no design or desire to lose control over that Island. But he did believe that if Spain should find that it was to fall into the hands of some piratical expedition sent from the United States or elsewhere, she would emancipate the slaves. And she would be justified on the same ground that the captain of a vessel would in setting fire to his powder magazine to prevent the ship falling into the hands of pirates. This Spain has declared long since, and on frequent occasions. If the Senator could truly prove this design on the part of Spain, he would go as far as any one. But he (Mr. Clayton) utterly denied any faith in the impression that Spain, under any other circumstances, will do anything by which she will lose the Island.

Mr. Gwin said he knew the fact that the Spanish Government had threatened, and were determined, in the event of any revolt or insurrection by the people of Cuba, to emancipate and arm the whole slave population for the extermination of the other race.

The question was further discussed by Messrs. Benjamin, Clayton, Seward, &c. Mr. Seward said:—

I shall desire to know from the Committee on Foreign Relations, when they report on this subject, on what grounds, and to what extent they propose to intervene. If they propose to exert the influence of this country, as has been heretofore exerted, in favor of the efforts for constitutional freedom, that will be one question. But if they propose to control, interfere with or direct or supervise the local matters of Cuba, then for one, I am decidedly against any intervention. I have no doubt that the general popular sentiment and any action that may be adopted on this subject, will turn upon the question whether what is proposed is a simple moral influence felt and necessarily and justly exerted in favor of freemen, or an attempted regulation and control of the Government of Spain in Cuba, in its lawful exercise of a right to meliorate the condition of its people.

The Nebraska Bill was taken up and read a second time.

Mr. Douglas said the bill was the same as that passed by the Senate, except that it contained that provision which had been stricken out on motion of Mr. Clayton. He hoped, as the bill was understood by the Senate, they would now vote on it.

Mr. Pearce moved to strike out the provision allowing foreigners who may have declared their intention to become citizens, to vote and hold office in the territories. He said the Senate had voted this amendment upon the Senate bill. The object of it was to confine the right of suffrage to American citizens, native and naturalized. The right of suffrage was one peculiarly belonging to the character of a citizen and of none other. It controlled the interests of the country, and ought to be exercised by citizens only. He knew that the practice in this particular had been irregular. In the case of the North-Western territory citizenship was not required. But at that time there was no federal naturalization law. [illegible] There were, then, only citizens of the respective States of the Confederation. It was right, therefore, then, to give the right of voting to residents. It was coupled, however, with a condition of two years' residence and freehold qualification. The same privilege was extended to the South-West Territory, and afterwards to the Territory of Mississippi. In 1808, Congress confined the right of suffrage in the Mississippi Territory to the citizens of the United States who were property holders. The right of suffrage was confined to citizens in the Territories of Missouri, Arkansas, Wisconsin, Iowa, Utah and New Mexico. A different course was adopted in Oregon, Washington and Minnesota. [illegible]

A long discussion ensued, in the course of which Mr. Toombs said the error of the Senator consisted in confounding naturalization and the right of suffrage. Naturalization made no man a voter—the right of voting is regulated by the State authorities alone. The right to vote makes no man a citizen. After the Revolution, for years, not over one-third of the free white male citizens enjoyed the right to vote, for a property qualification existed in most of the States. The right of voting in territories had not for the first forty years been confined to citizens, and since that time practice had been variable.

Mr. Pettit opposed the amendment. He regretted that it had been offered. If put into the bill, all the trouble, anxiety, labor, &c., of this session would prove to have been in vain. The bill, if sent back to the House, might be defeated, and it might not be possible again, for years to come, to get into Congress a body of men who would settle this question of slavery as this bill proposed to do. Defeat this bill, and let the subject go back to the people, and the cauldron of agitation would again become heated, and boil for years. It would unite throughout the Northern States, all ultra Abolitionists, Free Soilers and tender-footed and timid Democrats, in the several Congressional Districts, to defeat every man who voted for this bill, and send in their places men who would contemn all law, justice and right, and who would never agree to settle this agitating controversy on any fair terms.

In justice to the Northern people he demanded the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. It was the North and not South who were put under restriction by that Compromise South of 36 degrees 30 minutes.

The people of the South could have slavery or not, as they pleased. North of it, the free people are denied the privilege accorded to their brethren at the South.

The amendment was wrong, because it attempted to say that certain residents of the country should not have the right to vote. Congress had no power to regulate the right of voting. Each State regulated that for itself, and the rule was various in several States. He was assured by honest Cave Johnson, of Tennessee, that the first time that gentleman came to Congress, he was elected by free negro votes. Free negroes were then allowed to vote in Tennessee, and Johnson was an iron master, having in his employ a large number of free negroes, one hundred and forty-four of whom voted for him and sent him to Congress. He believed women at one time voted in New Jersey.

Mr. Bell, of Tenn., opposed at length the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. It would not restore peace or quiet. It had already alarmed and excited the whole country, particularly the North, and its effects were yet to be seen.

Mr. Toombs said that the Senator from Tenn., had supported the bill. Mr. Bell denied it—it was all a mistake. He never authorized any one to say that all the Whig Senators from the South were in favor of it.

On the 25th, Mr. Seward presented the credentials of Mr. Gillett, Senator elect from Connecticut in the place of Mr. Smith, resigned. He appeared and was sworn.

Mr. Clayton, from the Committee on Foreign Relations, reported back the joint resolution requesting the President to have prepared and presented gold medals to the officer of the British ship Virago, and the sum of $100 to each man of the boat's crew of that vessel, who rescued Lieutenant Strain's surveying party. The resolution was taken up and passed.

The Nebraska Bill was taken up. Mr. Bell said that it appeared very much like a conspiracy against him, to make it appear that he had taken ground for the Nebraska Bill. Mr. Clayton rose to reply, but Mr. Bell refused to yield the floor, and continued:—I pronounce that statement made by any person whomsoever to be false!—to be false!

Mr. Clayton—I did not say so.

Mr. Bell—Then I beg your pardon. The Senator from Georgia looks sternly at me. I do not know what that look means; but let it mean what it may, I say that any intimation, by words, looks or otherwise, to the effect that I favored the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, is false. No living man can ever say I ever was for that repeal. Since that meeting no one had ever mentioned to him the subject of the resolution respecting the National Intelligencer.

Mr. Clayton said he knew of no action on it.

Mr. Bell—That confirms my opinion of it—that no one seriously entertained the idea of carrying it into effect. Yet the fact has been treasured up and littered till it passed through the conduit in the other House to the public. The Senator from Georgia now thought proper to repeat it to the Senate. He said the proposition that a handful of Southern Whigs in one House of Congress should undertake to remonstrate with the National Intelligencer, a paper heretofore considered as the organ of the whole Whig party, North and South, was ridiculous and absurd, and he could not believe any Senator thought of it seriously. He deprecated the idea of any body of men attempting to overrule and muzzle a free press. He gave his cordial approval to the course of the National Intelligencer.

Mr. Toombs gave his knowledge upon the subject. Mr. Bell maintained that it was an infamous falsehood to charge him with taking ground in any manner for the repeal of the Missouri Compromise.

Mr. Toombs said that the hypothetical insults given by the Senator were not exactly the thing.

Mr. Bell said he gave no hypothetical insults. As it appeared that the Senator had not said he was present when such an authority was given to Mr. Badger, the term falsehood did not apply to him, and he withdrew them all.

Mr. Toombs repeated that he mentioned the public acts of the Senator, and the grounds on which he supposed the Senator was in favor of the bill.

The debate was continued by various Senators—finally the question was taken, and the amendment rejected—yeas 7, nays 41, as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Bayard, Bell, Brodhead, Brown, Clayton, Pearce and Thompson of Kentucky.

Nays—Messrs. Allen, Atchison, Benjamin, Butler, Cass, Chase, Clay, Dawson, Dodge of Wisconsin, Douglas, Fish, Fitzpatrick, Foote, Gillette, Gwin, Hunter, James, Johnson, Jones of Iowa, Jones of Tennessee, Mallory, Mason, Morton, Norris, Pettit, Pratt, Rusk, Sebastian, Seward, Shields, Slidell, Stuart, Sumner, Thompson of New Jersey, Toombs, Toucey, Wade, Walker, Weller, Williams and Wright.

After a long discussion, Mr. Sumner, at a quarter to 12 o'clock, commenced speaking against the bill. By unanimous consent he was allowed to present a number of petitions against the Nebraska Bill, including 125 remonstrances from clergymen of every Protestant denomination in New England. These latter, he said, were intended to have formed part of the mammoth memorial presented by his colleague some time since. He then defended the clergy of New England for their noble conduct in publicly denouncing the bill, and protesting against its passage. The pulpit of New England would never again defend slavery from any attack made upon it.

Mr. Mason objected to the reception of the remonstrances of the clergy, because, as their conduct was explained by the Senator, they were here evidently profaning their sacred office. He desired in behalf of the Church of the South to say that the clergy of the South had no connection with the clergy of New England, in thus mingling in political affairs for unworthy purposes.

Mr. Sumner briefly responded.

At a quarter past 12 o'clock, Mr. Douglas commenced his closing speech in support of the bill. He defended the bill, and repeated his denunciation of the blasphemous sermons and memorials of the clergy. He replied at length to the intimations that this bill would be resisted, and henceforward stern opposition to all laws upon the subject of slavery would be universal at the North.

Mr. Toucey said he had been instructed by the present Whig Abolition Legislature of Connecticut to vote against the bill. After mature reflection he had come to the conclusion to disobey these instructions, and obey the instructions of the Constitution.

The bill was then ordered to be engrossed for a third reading, by the following vote:

Yeas—Messrs. Atchison, Badger, Benjamin, Brodhead, Brown, Butler, Cass, Clay, Dawson, Douglas, Fitzpatrick, Gwin, Hunter, Johnson, Jones of Iowa, Jones of Tennessee, Mallory, Mason, Morton, Norris, Pearce, Pettit, Pratt, Rusk, Sebastian, Shields, Slidell, Stuart, Thompson of Kentucky, Thompson of New Jersey, Toombs, Toucey, Weller, Williams and Wright—35.

Nays—Messrs. Allen, Bell, Chase, Clayton, Fish, Foote, Gillette, Hamlin, James, Seward, Sumner, Wade and Walker—13.

Mr. Sumner said he had a letter from his colleague, endeavoring to make arrangements to pair off with some other Senator, but no such arrangement had been made. If present he would have voted against the bill.

Mr. Butler said if his colleague were present he would vote for the bill.

On the passage of the bill Mr. Sumner asked the yeas and nays, which the Senate refused to order.

The bill was then passed, and, at quarter past 1 o'clock on Friday morning, the Senate adjourned till Monday.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 22nd, the House went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union on the House Nebraska Bill, Mr. Olds in the chair.

Mr. Stephens, of Georgia—I move to strike out the enacting clause. I do this to cut off all amendments, and to have the bill reported to the House and acted on. (Great sensation and expressions of surprise.) In defence of this motion I quote the 119th rule.

"A motion to strike out the enacting words of a bill shall have precedence of a motion to amend, and if carried, shall be considered equivalent to its rejection." Now, let the Committee strike out the enacting clause of this bill, and let it thus be reported to the House, and have no further amendments. When we get into the House, the question will be on agreeing to the report. The friends of the bill will vote down the motion. Then we will have the bill to vote on. (Voice—"That's it, good, good, go ahead.") It will then be in order for the Chairman of the Committee on Territories to move his substitute as an amendment, which all of us want to vote on. The friends of the bill standing together, will be brought to vote directly on the measure. In this way we will get rid of contiguous motions to amend. I make this motion because it is time we were voting on the bill.

Mr. Chandler and others opposed this motion and plan, as subversive of the rules. The Chairman sustained Mr. Stephens. After much opposition, motions to adjourn, &c., Mr. Stephens's mode of proceeding was carried through. The bill was reported to the House, the enacting clause restored, and the bill passed. Yeas 113, nays 100—as follows:—

Yeas—Messrs. Abercrombie, J. C. Allen of Illinois, W. Allen of Illinois, Ashe, Bailey of Georgia, Bayly of Virginia, Barksdale, Barry, Bell, Bocock, Boyce, Breckenridge, Bridges, Brooks, Caruthers, Chastain, Chrisman, Churchwell, Clarke, Clingman, Cobb, Colquitt, Cox, Craige, Cummings, Cutting, Davis of Indiana, Dawson, Disney, Dowdell, Dunbar, Dunham, Eddy, Edmundson, Elliot of Kentucky, English, Faulkner, Florence, Goode, Green, Greenwood, Grey, Hamilton, Harris of Alabama, Hendricks, Henn, Hibbard, Hill, Hillyer, Houston, Ingersoll, Jones of Tennessee, Jones of Pennsylvania, Jones of La., Kerr, Kidwell, Kurtz, Lamb, Lane, Latham, Letcher, Lilly, Lindley, [illegible] Maryland, Macdonald, McDougal, McNair, Maxwell, May, Miller of Mo., Miller of Ind., Olds, Oliver of Mo., Packer, Perkins, Phelps, Phillips, Powell, Preston, Ready, Reese, Richardson, Riddle, Robbins, Rowe, Ruffin, Seward, Shannon, Shaw, Shower, Singleton, Smith of Tennessee, Smith of Ala., Smyth, Snodgrass, Stanton of Tenn., Stanton of Ky., Straub, Stuart of Michigan, Taylor of New York, Tweed, Vail, Vansant, Walbridge, Walker, Warren, Walsh, Westbrook, Witte, Wright of Mississippi, Wright of Pennsylvania, Zollikoffer.

Nays—Messrs. Ball, Banks, Belcher, Bennett, Benson, Benton, Bugg, Campbell, Carpenter, Chandler, Crocker, Cullum, Curtis, Davis of R. I., Dean, De Witt, Dick, Dickinson, Drum, Eastman, Edgerton, Edmonds, Eliot of Massachusetts, Ellison, Etheridge, Everhart, Farley, Fenton, Flagler, Fuller, Gamble, Giddings, Goodrich, Grow, Harlan of Ohio, Harlan of Indiana, Harrison, Hastings, Haven, Heister, Howe, Hughes, Hunt, Johnson, Jones of New York, Kittredge, Knox, Lindsley of Ohio, Lyon, McCulloch, Mace, Matteson, Mayall, Meacham, Middleswarth, Millson, Morgan, Morrison, Murray, Nichols, Noble, Norton, Oliver of N. Y., Parker, Peck, Peckham, Pennington, Perkins, Pratt, Pringle, Puryear, Ritchie, Ritchey, Rogers, Russell, Sabine, Sage, Sapp, Seymour, Simmons, Skelton, Smith of N. York, Stevens, Stratton, Stuart of Ohio, Taylor of Ohio, Taylor of Tennessee, Thurston, Tracy, Trout, Upham, Wade, Walley, Washburn of Maine, Washburne of Illinois, Wells, Wentworth of Illinois, Wentworth of Massachusetts, Wheeler, Yates.

On the 23d, Mr. Maurice said he was absent from his seat yesterday on account of sickness. He desired simply to remark that if he had been present he should have voted in the negative on the Nebraska and Kansas Bill, and therefore asked leave to have his name so recorded.

The consideration of Mr. Bennett's Land Bill was postponed for four weeks, and the House went into Committee on the Deficiency Bill.

A discussion, lasting two hours, ensued on the Senate's amendment appropriating $500,000 for continuing the works for supplying Washington and Georgetown with water. One side contended that the works will cost $4,000,000, and that as good a supply can be furnished for $500,000.

Mr. Walsh, considering the generous and energetic character of citizens of Washington, asked whether it would be in order to introduce an amendment, giving them coffee, tea, sugar and whiskey for their water. (Laughter.)

Without concluding the debate the Committee rose.

Mr. Houston offered a resolution, that when the House adjourn on Wednesday, the 31st instant, it will adjourn until the first of June, at 8 o'clock, A. M., and from that day to Monday, June 5th, and that the doorkeeper be instructed to renovate and right the Hall for summer use. Adopted.

On the 24th, the House took up the Deficiency Bill, and resumed the consideration of the Senate amendment appropriating $500,000 for the construction of works to supply Washington and Georgetown with water. The amendment was finally disagreed to.

On the 25th, Mr. Olds introduced a bill as a substitute for one heretofore reported, among other things, abolishing the franking privilege. The House went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union.

The Deficiency Bill was taken up, and discussed until adjournment.

On the 26th the House proceeded to vote on the amendments to the Deficiency Bill.

The House rejected, yeas 47, nays 100, the amendment, five hundred thousand dollars, for continuing works to supply Washington with water, and likewise rejected the following several amendments:—

To repeal that part of the printing act which provides when any documents shall be ordered to be printed by both Houses of Congress, the entire printing of such documents shall be done by the printer of that House which first ordered the same, and to divide the printing of the Executive Departments between the two printers of Congress—yeas 32, nays 102.

Also rejected by a vote of yeas 30, nays 104, the amendment appropriating $771,000 for Custom Houses at St. Louis, Mobile, Cincinnati, Louisville, Bangor, Bath, Wilmington, Del., Providence and San Francisco; and $431,500 for Marine Hospitals at Cleveland, St. Louis, Chicago, Louisville, Paducah, Evansville, San Francisco, and Burlington, Iowa.

The House then adjourned till Monday.

General News.

Slavery in the Presbyterian General Assembly—New School.—On the 25th, the Rev. Albert Barnes, on behalf of the Committee on Bills and Overtures, made the following Report:

The Committee report that overtures and memorials have been before them from the following Presbyteries, to wit:—Hamilton, Long Island, Pennsylvania, Montrose, Watertown, Union, Cortland, Dayton, Indianapolis, Crawfordshire, Madison, Elkhart, Keokuk, Peoria, and Knox, Salem, Wabash, Athens, and from members of the church of Fremont, Ia., relating to the subject of slavery.

In reference to these memorials and overtures, the committee recommend that, inasmuch as we believe that in the present aspect of Divine Providence, the consideration of the subject in this General Assembly is undesirable and inexpedient; and, inasmuch as the memorials do not ask for any modification or renewal of the testimony borne by previous Assemblies, in regard to the system and practice of slavery, as existing in this country, or for any expression of opinion as to the proper course to be pursued by future Assemblies, therefore this Assembly take no action on the subject.

The Report was accepted and adopted without debate, and thus was this exciting subject summarily disposed of.

A resolution afterward was offered, in opposition to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. The Moderator said the action of the Assembly in the morning had, in his opinion, interposed a bar to any further discussion upon the subject of slavery.

The Rev. Dr. Brainard said that there was not a person in the Assembly who would wish to see the body thrown into the excitement of political controversy. The members of the Assembly had breathed more freely, and the church had been more harmonious, since the subject of slavery had been dropped.

The Moderator decided that it was not in order to introduce any new measure touching the question of slavery, unless the measure came from the Committee on Bills and Overtures.

From this decision an appeal was taken, and the chair was not sustained.

The debate was then resumed. The opponents of the motion to suspend the regular order of business, contended that the adoption of the remonstrance could do no good, while it would distract the Assembly. It could not affect a single vote.

The Rev. Mr. Saunders made a forcible speech in advocacy of his motion. He was amazed that a simple remonstrance against a villainous measure could not be introduced in a body of Christian men without creating so much consternation. The remonstrance should be adopted at once. The bill had not yet passed. He did not suppose that it would affect a single vote in Congress; but it would have its moral effect, and show what was the opinion of this Christian body, in regard to a wrongful measure.

The Rev. Mr. Dobie supported the motion in a lengthy speech. He hoped that the Assembly would declare its solemn condemnation of the measure now before Congress; as teaching the rising generation a lesson of practical ungodliness and bad faith. The bill was a violence done to a great national compact. The Assembly had resolved that nothing should be done in regard to slavery as a church. But some declaration should be made in regard to the iniquity of an institution under which men could not call their souls and bodies their own. His heart was with the church. But he fervently trusted that it would never forsake the glorious cause of human liberty. He was frequently called to order, but finished his remarks in spite of interruption.

The Rev. Mr. Spencer said the subject had not been introduced properly. At the proper time, and with true dignity, the Assembly should speak. He said that the motion had interfered with important business. He thought that there was very little difference of opinion as to the bad character of the Nebraska Bill.

Judge Darling, of Reading, said that the Assembly had convened for the purpose of attending to the affairs of the Church of Christ. He was opposed to the Nebraska Bill; he believed that nine-tenths of the members were with him on that point. He was only opposed to the motion as irrelevant.

Cries of "question!" "question!" from all parts of the house.

The question was then put, and the Moderator decided that the motion was lost. A division was called for, and, upon a count, it was ascertained that the motion was lost—ayes 58, nays 101.

The Slave Trade.—The Southern Standard, a leading South Carolina paper, in a recent article recommends the annexation of Cuba and St. Domingo, an intimate alliance with Brazil, &c. It says:—"Considering our vast resources and the mighty commerce that is about to expand upon the bosom of the two countries, if we act together by treaty *we can not only preserve domestic servitude, but we can defy the power of the world*. With firmness and judgment, we can open up the African slave emigration again to people the noble region of the tropics. We can boldly defend this on the most enlarged system of philanthropy. It is far better for the wild races of Africa themselves. Look at the 3,000,000 in the United States who have had the blessing not only of civilization but of Christianity. Can any man pretend to say that they would have been better off in the barbarian state of their native wilderness; and has not the attempt to suppress, by force this emigration increased the horrors of the 'middle passage' tenfold? The good old Las Casas, in 1619, was the first to advise Spain to import Africans to her colonies, as a substitute for the poor Indians, who, from their peculiar nature, were totally unsuited to bear the labors of Slavery.—Experience has shown that his scheme was founded in wise and Christian philanthropy. Millions of the black men, yet unborn, will rise up to bless his benevolent memory. The time is coming when we will boldly defend this emigration before the world. The hypocritical cant and whining morality of the latter day saints will die away before the majesty of commerce, and the power of those vast productions which are to spring from the cultivation and full development of the mighty tropical regions in our own hemisphere. It it be mercy to give the grain-growing sections of America to the poor and hungry of Europe, why not open up the tropics to the poor African? The one region is as eminently suited to them as the other is to the white race. There is as much philanthropy in one as in the other. We have been too long governed by psalm singing school-masters from the North. It is time to think for ourselves. The folly commenced with our own Government uniting with Great Britain to declare slave importation piracy. Piracy is a crime on the high seas, arising under the law of nations, and it is as well defined by those laws as murder is at common law. And for two nations to attempt to make that piracy which is not so under the law of nations, is an absurdity. You might as well declare it burglary, or arson, or anything else."

Well, we are prepared for anything. Is there any such thing as wrong-doing in the world—*except* "doing unto others as you would have them do unto you?"

From California.—Revolution at Bogota, New Grenada.—The North Star from Aspinwall arrived at New York on the 24th, with 700 passengers, and $450,000 in gold dust. Her dates are to the 1st inst., from California, and have been anticipated by the arrival of the steamer United States at New Orleans.

The shipments of gold from San Francisco per steamer Panama, amounted to $912,000, and per steamer Cortez $1,237,000.

The United States troops for California, which left Norfolk in the steamer Illinois, had arrived at Obispo in safety.

A revolution had broken out in Bogota. A new Provincial Government has been established, and Gen. Melo has declared himself Dictator. General Herrera and most of the National Congress had fled.

The news from Oregon states that Major G. H. Larned, of the U. S. Army, was drowned at Nugent's Sound, together with eight men.

The dates from the Society Islands are to March 30th. Three French men-of-war were at Tahiti, two having just returned from New Caledonia, where they left a garrison of 500 men and a sloop-of-war. The French garrison at Tahiti, numbers 1,500 men.

Authentic Intelligence Concerning Col. Fremont.—The reports which reached us a few days since, concerning Col. Fremont, are entirely incorrect. Col. F. arrived here yesterday in the Northern Light, and left immediately for Washington. We learn from a reliable source that he lost only one man, but becoming short of provisions, was obliged to subsist upon their mules; thirty-nine of which they killed and fed upon. Col. Fremont was accompanied by Mr. Strobel, in charge of the Delaware Indian hunters, who left at New Orleans, and proceeded thence to Washington.—Col. F. is very sanguine about the practicability of some of the passes he explored, and will, on his arrival in Washington, make out the maps.

Hollow Axles.—The Reading Steam Forge is now making hollow axles for railroad cars, the first ever turned out on this continent.—They have been scientifically tested, and are not liable to fracture, can sustain more weight, and last longer than the solid axles.

Chloroform Counteracted.—Dr. Robert de Lamballe, a distinguished physician of Paris, announces that a shock of electricity, given to a patient dying from the effects of chloroform, immediately counteracts its influence, and returns the sufferer to life.

A New Currency.—A novel mode has been invented in Ohio of paying the laborers on the public works. An elegant blank check plate has been finished, the checks from which are to be given the laborers, in their own names, and must state the exact service performed by each one. These checks must be presented by the holders to the auditor, who draws an order for the amount mentioned on the State Treasurer. The laborers being unable, of course, to go to Columbus for the money on their checks, will be obliged to pay them out for goods, provisions, &c., so that before long they will doubtless form a part of the circulating currency of Ohio.

Coolies in Kentucky.—The Louisville Courier announces the arrival of a party of ten coolies, a direct importation from China, who are on the way to Kelly's iron mills, on the Cumberland River, below Eddyville. They were a tall, healthy looking set of Celestials. It is stated that they have sold themselves for a term of years to work at the aforesaid iron works.

Premature Emigration.—The Dubuque (Ia.) Tribune says that several persons left that State for Nebraska, but were obliged to return, immigration being prohibited.

A High Figure.—Beef sold, on Saturday, in our market, at from sixteen to twenty cents a pound, and in New York at twenty-five cents, a higher price than any of the marketmen ever knew to be paid for it, and so high that many of the butchers would not purchase.—*Public Ledger.*

LIVER COMPLAINT, OF TEN YEARS' STANDING, CURED BY THE USE OF ONLY TWO BOXES OF DR. M'LANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS.

New York, August 2, 1853.

☞ This is to certify, that having been afflicted with liver complaint for ten years, and after having tried nearly every known remedy without finding relief, I was at last induced to try Dr. M'Lane's Celebrated Liver Pills, and after using *only two boxes* was perfectly cured. I now take pleasure in recommending them to the public, as the best Liver or general Antibilious Pills ever offered to the public. MRS. ANN MALONA, No. 17 Rivington Street.

P. S. Dr. M'Lane's Celebrated Liver Pills, also his great Vermifuge or Worm Destroyer, can now be had at all respectable Drug Stores in the United States and Canada.

☞ Purchasers will please be careful to ask for, and take none but Dr. M'Lane's Liver Pills. There are other Pills, purporting to be Liver Pills, now before the public. 10

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

MAY be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots
Of DEXTER & BROTHER, *Nos. 14 and 16 Ann St., N. Y.*
Of HOTCHKISS & Co., *Boston, Mass.*
Of MILTON BOULEMET, *Mobile, Ala.*
Of J. C. MORGAN, *New Orleans, La.*
Of HENRY TAYLOR, *Baltimore, Md.*
Of F. HAGAN & Co., *Nashville, Tenn.*
Of S. W. PEASE, *28 West Sixth St., and 29 East Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.*

Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or through their authorised travelling agents.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Philadelphia, May 27, 1854.

REMARKS—The weather has been clear and pleasant during the past week, but there has been very little business doing. Bark is scarce, and held firmly at the late advance. Breadstuffs are held with rather more firmness since the receipt of the America's advices, and for Corn a slight improvement has been realized, but the demand for Flour, Meal and Wheat has been quite limited. The supplies of all descriptions continue small, and will probably continue so until harvest. The activity noted in Coal for some time past still continues, but prices remain without change. About all the Lehigh Coal to be brought to market this season has already been contracted for. Colliers are rather more abundant. Cotton has been in limited request, but prices are steadily maintained. Fish are unchanged. In Fruit but little doing. Hemp and Hides are very quiet. Iron is in steady demand from store at full rates. Lead is held firmly. In Lumber there is a fair trade doing without change in prices. Coffee, Sugar and Molasses are inactive, and most of the recent receipts of the latter are being stored. In Naval Stores there is more doing, but Spirits of Turpentine has again declined. Oils remain without change. In Provisions the transactions have been limited at our last quotations. Rice is in better demand. In Seeds but little doing. The Tobacco market is very quiet. Wool continues dull.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The Flour market has been exceedingly quiet since our last notice, but prices are 12½c better since the receipt of the Franklin's and America's advices. The demand for export, however, has been quite limited, and only 3a 4,000 bbls were disposed of at $8,50, $8,62½a8,75 per bbl for common and good brands, now generally held firmly at the latter quotation, and $8,87½a9 for extra, including a lot of Pastry at $9,37½. The sales for the supply of the retailers and bakers have been within the range of the same quotations. Rye Flour has been more inquired after, and about 1,500 bbls sold at $5,25a5,37½, and some, strictly first ground, at $5,62½. Corn Meal is rather firmer, but the demand for it has been limited. Sales of 500 barrels Pennsylvania at $4,56¼ per bbl.

Inspections of Flour and Meal for the week ending the 25th inst. were as follows:

Barrels of	Superfine Flour	10,206
Do	Fine and Middlings	297
Do	Rye	474
Do	Corn Meal	1,270
	Total	12,247

GRAIN—The supplies of Wheat, both from the South and the interior, have been small, but there has been very little demand for it. Sales of 14a15,000 bushels mostly at $2,04a2,05 per bushel for red, and $2,12 for white. Rye is in better request, and prices 2a3c higher; 2,000 bushels sold in lots at $1,11a1,15, closing at the latter rate. Corn has been in good demand, and prices have advanced 2 cents per bushel. Sales of 29a30,000 bushels yellow at 75a76c early in the week, and since at 77a78c, afloat, and some today at 79c, closing in demand at the latter rate. Oats come forward very slowly, and there are but few offering. Sales of Southern at 54a56c, and Pennsylvania at 56a58c per bushel.

PROVISIONS—The market has been very quiet for all descriptions, but prices remain without change. Small sales of Mess Pork at $14,87½a15 per bbl, 4 months. Prime is not inquired after, and there is very little here. The sales of city packed Mess Beef have been only in small lots for ship stores at our former quotations. Bacon sells slowly. Hams at 9a11c per lb for plain and fancy canvassed, Sides 7½a7¾c, and Shoulders at 6a6½c per lb, on time. In bulk Meats there is little or nothing doing. Lard is in limited request. Small sales of bbls at 9½a10½c per lb, cash and on time; kegs at 10½a10¾c per lb, 4 mos. A sale of solid packed Butter at 12 cts. Roll ranges from 14 to 18c. In Cheese no change.

AMERICAN FABRICS—The transactions have been mostly confined to small lots to fill orders without change in prices, except for bleached Sheetings and Shirtings, which are a shade lower.

BARK—There is more inquiry for Quercitron Bark, and but little stock here to operate in. Sales of 150 hhds No 1 were made, mostly at the close of last week at $34 per ton.

BEESWAX—Is scarce; small sales of Yellow at 28a29c per lb, cash.

CANDLES—There has been a limited inquiry, and further sales of 100 boxes Western Adamantine were made at 24c, and Sperm at 30a32 cts per lb, 4 months.

COAL—There is a good demand for shipment at full rates. About all the Lehigh Coal that can be brought to market during the ensuing season has already been contracted for. Cargo sales of Schuylkill white and red ash at $4,75, and Lump at $4,80a 4,85 per ton. Bituminous Coal continues to arrive very slowly, and is worth 21c per bushel.

COFFEE—Another import of 1,930 bags Rio has arrived since our last report. The market has been dull, but prices remain without change. Sales of 1,300 bags Rio at 10a11½c, and St. Domingo at 9½a9¾ cts per lb, on time.

COPPER—Prices are steady for both English Sheathing Copper and Yellow Metal, but the sales have been limited.

COTTON—The receipts have been small during the past week. The market has been less firm under the America's advices, and the demand has been limited. Sales of 900 bales Upland at 9a11½c per lb, on time, for ordinary to middling fair and fair, and 9½a12½c for New Orleans, including samples at 9½c, and strained at 9¼a9½c.

The receipts up to the latest dates, at all the ports, give the following results:

		Bales.
Decrease—	New Orleans	303,486
	Mobile	34,538
	Savannah	33,675
	Charleston	59,492
	Florida	28,022
	Virginia	5,279
	North Carolina	9,088
	Texas	824
Total decrease of the season		472,199

The foreign exports this season, as compared with last, will exhibit a decrease:

Decrease—	To Great Britain	278,539
	To other foreign ports	46,888
	To France	118,924
	Total decrease	444,351

Total decrease in coastwise exports is 138,407 bales. The increase in stocks, at all the receiving ports, is 154,753 bales.

The following is a comparative view of the Foreign Exports, Receipts and Stocks of Cotton of the United States, at the latest dates, for the last four years:

Years	1853	1852	1851	1850
To Gt. Britain	1,155,443	1,433,982	1,379,082	1,082,258
France	251,035	369,959	374,448	274,483
Other For. P'ts	244,709	291,767	288,839	208,255
Total bales	1,651,187	2,095,328	2,042,369	1,565,356
Receipts	2,937,454	3,079,553	2,817,722	2,170,593
Stocks	398,122	441,769	350,124	432,885

FEATHERS—The demand has been limited. Small sales of good Western at 45a47c per lb, cash.

FISH—Supplies of Mackerel continue to come forward very slowly, but the demand has been limited, and the only sales reported are small lots from store at $17,50, 11 and $10,50 per bbl for the three numbers. Sales of pickled Herring at $3,50a4,25 per bbl in large and small lots. In Codfish no change.

FRUIT—In foreign there has been but little doing, and the sales have been confined to small lots from store at our former quotations. Dried Apples range from 4 to 6 cts per lb, as in quality. Dried Peaches continue abundant and dull.

GUANO—Peruvian has advanced to $53 per ton. Patagonia is scarce. Super Phosphate of Lime sells at $50.

HEMP—Is very quiet. A lot of Dew Rot sold at a price kept secret.

INDIGO—Is held firmly, but the sales have been unimportant.

IRON—The market is very quiet, but prices firm. Sales of 2a300 tons Anthracite at $38 per ton, 6 mos, for No 1, and $35 for No 2. Scotch Pig is but little inquired after. Small sales at $40a41,50, 6 months. Blooms sell in small lots at $85a87,50, 6 mos. There is a steady demand for Bar and Boiler Iron at former rates.

LEAD—Is held firmly, but no further sales have been reported.

LEATHER—Prices continue to have an upward tendency for best Spanish Sole and Slaughter Leather, and there is a good demand.

LUMBER—There has been a fair trade doing, without change in prices. Sales of 300,000 feet Southern Yellow Pine Sap Boards at $15a16,50 per M feet. Laths sell in lots from the wharf at $2,12½ a2,25 per M.

Shipped by Lehigh, week ending the 20th inst.

	Feet	1,430,838
Previously		6,204,245
Total this year		7,635,083

MOLASSES—The market continues dull. Sales of 300 hhds Cuba, part before arrival on terms kept private, and 600 bbls New Orleans at 19½a22 cts for ordinary and good quality.

NAVAL STORES—There has been more doing in Rosin, and upwards of 4,000 bbls were disposed of from $1,75 up to $4,25 per bbl for common and No 1 Soap. Tar is scarce, and sells in small lots at $4,25 a4,50. The last sale of Pitch was at $2,25. Spirits of Turpentine has again declined. Sales of 300 bbls in lots at 53a55c, now generally held at the latter rate.

OILS—Prices are steady for all descriptions of Fish Oils, and there is a fair inquiry for lots from store. Lard Oil sells only in small lots at 95a97½c. Linseed Oil is held with more firmness, and small sales are making at 95c per gallon.

The following are the imports of Sperm and Whale Oil and Whalebone into the U. States for the week ending the 23d inst.:

	Bbls Sp.	Bbls. Wh.	Lbs Bone.
New Bedford	1,154	6,366	34,000
Fairhaven	100	700	2,000
Total for the week	1,254	7,066	36,000
Previously	25,927	220,869	2,992,461
From Jan 1 to date	27,181	227,935	3,028,461
Same time last year	35,239	148,598	3,914,650

PLASTER—There has been but little doing.—Sales of soft at $3a3,50 per ton, which is a further decline.

RICE—Is in rather better demand, and prices are firm; sales of 300 casks at 4⅜a4⅝c per lb, on time.

SALT—An import of 700 sacks Liverpool fine has arrived, and been disposed of at about $1,65, on time.

SEEDS—There is but little demand for Cloverseed. 100 bags recleaned sold at $4,75 per 64 lbs, and small lots at $4,25a4,50. A lot of Timothy sold at $2,08½. The market continues bare of Flaxseed, and it is wanted at $1,80 per bushel.

SPICES—No sales worthy of notice have transpired.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are in steady demand at our former quotations. N E Rum sells in lots as wanted at 34a35c. Whiskey is dull; sales of 800 bbls at 25½a26c, and hhds at 26½c.

SUGAR—The market continues dull, and most of the recent arrivals are going into store. Sales of 600 hhds Cuba and New Orleans at 4a5c per lb, on time.

TALLOW—There is a steady demand for Rendered at 11a12½c per lb.

TEAS—There is a fair trade doing, without change in prices.

TOBACCO—Prices are steady for both Leaf and Manufactured, but the sales have been only in retail lots.

WINES are held firmly, but the sales have been unimportant.

WOOL—The market continues dull, and prices are drooping. The demand has been limited, and only 40a50,000 lbs sold at 21 up to 54c per lb, 6 mos, for unpaired and extra fine.

FREIGHTS—To Liverpool are dull. We quote Flour at 2s a 2s 6d, Grain 9d, and heavy Goods at 25s 30s. To California and the West Indies but little offering. Cotton are more abundant. Engagements have been made at $3 per ton to Boston, $2,50a2,60 to Rhode Island, and $1,10 to New York.—*Inquirer.*

THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Ross, Camblos & Co., Stock and Exchange Brokers.

No. 28 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U S 6's '56	107	—	P Township	34	36
" '62	117	—	Girard	12¼	12½
" '67	123	—	Western	70½	72
" '68	123	—	Man & Mechs	29	30
" '65	111	—	Bk of Com	69	71
July Interest off			Camden N J	65	68
Philada 6s	96	96½	Georgetown	63	65
" 5s	93½	94	Trent Bk Co	34	—
" 6s Gas	94½	96	Pitt'bg Bk	50½	57
County 5s	84	84½	M & M Pitts	58	60
Penna 6s	100	—	Exch'ge, Pitts	55	—
" 5s	86	86¼	Com, Cin	15	—
Kentucky 6s	107	—	Louis, Ky	109	110
Tennessee 5s	83	84	Kentucky Bk	107	108
Illinois 6s	—	—	Northern	114	115
Cincinnati 6s	96½	98	Union, Tenn	89½	90
Texas T Notes	39	40	Plant's, Tenn	89½	90
[illegible]			[illegible]		

NEW YORK MARKETS, MAY 27.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by I. Craven & Co., Brokers, No. 35½ South Third Street.

Philadelphia, June 3, 1854.

[illegible]

ALMANAC.

June, 1854.	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	High Water	Moon's Phases.
3 Saturday,	4 39	7 21	8 5	
4 Sunday,	4 39	7 21	8 49	
5 Monday,	4 38	7 22	9 33	D. H. M.
6 Tuesday,	4 38	7 22	10 18	First 3 7 41
7 Wedn'day,	4 37	7 23	11 6	Full 10 6 30
8 Thursday,	4 37	7 23	11 58	Last 17 9 12
9 Friday,	4 37	7 23	21 48	New 25 6 58
10 Saturday,	4 36	7 24	1 34	

Marriages.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 14th ultimo, by Isaac H. Foust, Esq., Mr. John R. Caverrer, to Miss Adaline, daughter of Wm. C. Moffitt, Esq. all of the county of Randolph.

On Wednesday, the 24th ult. by the Rev. Dr. J. Dowling, at Sansom Street Church, Mr. Austin E. Moore, of Richmond, Va. to Miss Mary B. Wills, daughter of Capt. Geo. E. Wills, of this city.

On Tuesday, May 23d, at Wilmington, Del. by the Rev. Mr. Pollock, James C. Bird, M. D. to Caroline Wilson, all of that city.

On the 21st ult. by the Rev. Wm. Barnes, Mr. Jacob W. Riel, to Miss Ann J. Fairburn, all of this city.

On the 4th ult. by the Rev. H. E. Montgomery, Mr. J. Archibald Harvey, to Miss Elizabeth A. Williams.

On the 22d ult. by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. Archibald Foster, to Miss Mary Hanlon.

On the 22d ult. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. Edwin Morris, to Miss Margaret F. Key, both of this city.

On the 6th of April, by the Rev. Mr. Clay, Mr. James Hamilton, to Miss Sarah M. Manypenny, all of this city.

On the 22d ult. by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, Mr. John C. Eberhardt, to Miss Florette Kohler, daughter of Andrew Birnstiel, Esq. both of Philadelphia.

On the 2d ult. by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. Antonia Stith, to Miss Ann E. Harris.

On the 18th ult. by the Rev. G. A. Reichert, Mr. Samuel Reemer, to Caroline Susanna, daughter of John M. Plein, Esq. both of this city.

On the 23d of April, in St. Paul's Church, by the Rev. P. F. Sheridan, Mr. Patrick M. Connell, to Miss Jane Hall.

On the 11th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. Samuel R. Koockogey, to Miss Kate P. Fry, all of Philadelphia.

On the 25th Oct. last, by the Rev. J. L. Burrows, Mr. Charles P. Nossitter, to Miss Eliza A. Toms, all of this city.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. Levi Beck, Mr. Alfred Smith, to Miss Margaret Streety, both of this city.

Deaths.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23d ult. Edward James, son of Wm. R. and Elizabeth W. Depew, aged 5 years.

On the 23d ult. Virginia, daughter of J. W. and Elizabeth Albright, aged 14 years.

On the 24th ult. Ann Pryor, aged 70 years.

On the 24th ult. James Caldwell, son of Archibald and Margaret Moffit, aged 15 months.

On the 22d ult. Cecelia E. wife of Adolphus Buchanan.

On the 24th ult. Anastatia R. French, aged 6 years and 3 months.

On the 23d ult. Louisa Hughes, wife of Willis R. Austin.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. Rachel Cole, aged 60.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. Hetty A. Riley, wife of Simon V. Trump, aged 77 years.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. Elizabeth Howell, aged 63 years.

On the 22d ult. Samuel C. son of Samuel D. and Catharine L. Mansfield, aged 3 years and 3 months.

On the 23d ult. Alexander Carr, aged 19 years.

On the 23d ult. Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Cornelius and Mary McMahon, aged 3 years and 9 months.

On the 23d ult. John Young, aged 67 years.

On the 23d ult. Mrs. Elizabeth Stewart, aged 62 years.

On the 23d ult. Louisa M. Ehringhaus, aged 45.

On the 23d ult. Rebecca Jane, daughter of John and Anna M. Whitton, aged 10 years.

On the 21st ult. Ammon Knox, aged 35 years.

On the 21st ult. Samuel Thomas, aged 22 years.

On the 22d ult. Mr. Thomas Wardle, Sr.

On the 22d ult. E. Lewis Smith, aged 23 years.

On the 21st ult. Mrs. Ann Shaw, aged 61 years.

[illegible]

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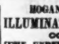

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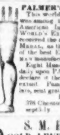

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MORE HOME TESTIMONY. [illegible]

Selected Poetry.

JUNE.

June, with the roses—June!
The gladdest month of our capricious year,
With its thick foliage and its sunlight clear;
And with its showers of tears,
Of the bright tempus mingled with the sun,
Laughingly on amid the springing grass!

Earth, at her joyous coming, puts on flame
Fanfare as she puts her glorious mantle on;
And Summer speeds her with a breezy shout,
While myriad voices, humming
Their welcome song, breathe dreamily sweet music,
Till seems the air an element of sound.

The overwhelming sky
Wounds a sense into a singular bliss,
As of the light of heaven were melting through
Its sapphire home on high,
Filling the emptiness at their vapory breast.
The clouds float on like spirits to their rest.

A deeper modesty,
Pour'd by the birds, as o'er their coziest young
Wistfulof their hymn, in the breeze it hangs—
Gladness, yet not of glee—
Mixes heart-beat, like the thrill which mothers use
Above their cradled infants slumbering

On the warm hill-side where
The sunlight lingers latest, the purple grass
Pompeth the luxurious sea-silvery: As they pass,
Long shadows gradeel them.
Creeping the gardner'd fruit in psychic mood,
And stunning their bright flowers with its blood

A deeper hush is in
To the hall-room'd cherry, as the sun
Day after day pours warmth into the room,
Till the rich pulp is ripen'd;
The truant schoolboy feels the long-hoping eyes,
And pecks limb and neck to win the prize.

The farmer, in his field,
Draws the rich mould around the tender maize;
While Hope, bright-pinion'd, points to coming days,
When all is ripen'd and yield
An ample harvest, and around his hearth
There shall be heaping eyes and tones of mirth.

Poised on its rainbow wing,
The hurriedly, whose life is but an hour,
Hovers superciliously o'er the flower.
A gay and happy thing!
Born for the sunshine and the summer-day,
Soon passing, like the beautiful, away!

These are thy pictures, June!
Brightest of summer months—the month of flowers!
Free born of beauty, whose enfranchised hours

Dance to the merry tune
Of birds, and waters, and the incessant stress
Of childhood on the sunny helm-pool'd out

I feel 'tis most not wrong
To deem there art a type of heaven's pure clime,
Only that there the clouds and storms of time
Sweep not the sky along.
The Autumn—old Autumn—all are done.
But brighter—purer—lovelier—come June!

Selected Articles.

HOW TO DEFEND A WIFE'S HONOR.

Our gossiping notis have been stirred to their very depths with joy at the unexpected denouement of a little social intrigue which has been brewing ever the cauldron of scandal and malignity for the last three months, and which has ended in the complete discomfiture of the assailants. A lady who has been for some time past very chief of fashion in Paris, and who for grace, beauty and spirit, is said to have few rivals upon earth, had attracted attention and admiration in a quarter indeed which are jealed the whole of the batteries at what Colley Cibber calls "prudence-acts and realistic gins" —which lenitis from the various strongholds of virtue to which we poor mortals are forever laying such deadly siege. This heroine was not to be borne—there were so many of the enemy in her entrenchments, and long been brought to the field, and who claimed precedence in the engagement, that the little lady, with her small stock of experience, her youth, and timidity, seemed at first to have but little chance. She had none to Paris to select a command for her husband, who remained penfe in his chateau near Tours, awaiting the success of his wife's ambition, quite c la Louis Quatorze, as you perceive. The suit was progressing, although but slowly, when the preference accorded by the high powers in question suddenly alarmed the host of candidates for favor and protection already on the ligbund, and who all have seen put out of the same kind on hand, either for father, brother, husband, son, or friend. Everything is known in Paris. The rapid progress accomplished made by the lady's petition through the corridors of the Monitor which it concerned, soon became the talk of curious tongues, and the subject of speculation to all the gros mat- pensers who swarm with such abstinence in our high society. It was decided that the lady must be got rid of—recalled to the country of her Tours, never more to be heard of in the elevated regions where she had been shining for awhile, but where it would be hard to get fully to allow her to establish herself for any lengthened period.

Measures were soon taken to obviate this for ible conclusion. The husband is known to be the soul of honor, possessing that generous confidence in his wife which her conduct has ever justified—a man who abhors all mean suspicion, and, like all brave men, unwilling to listen to slander, even though conveyed from what is called authentic sources. The idea of insulting a man of this character of the danger in which the reputation of his wife would consequently be placed, should she continue to have within reach of the scratching nga ities de bad on cratching her, was one of no small difficulty, and fell to the share of one who had a double interest to serve—that in preventing the termination of the husband's and other call ed by a relative of his own, and that of pleasing the lady of his love by the removal of a dangerous rival. He sould the husband, therefore, with a strong determination to accomplish both purposes, and herded together the trouble not the time expended in the journey. He found the worthy Colonel in his study—in all the peaceful enjoyment of a quiet conscience—contemplating with satisfaction the progress of his agricultural experiments from his open window. He was pleased at beholding an old acquaintance, whose family he held in much esteem, and was loud and cordial in his greeting. Notwithstanding that circumstances, of a private nature, the young envoy, who fortunately is remarkable for prudence, and decidedly thinks it discreetest the better part of valor, thought it advisable to delay as long as possible, the announcement of the sinister motive of his mission to boston—there was that expression about the eye of the doughty Colonel which rather disquieted him as to the benefit of his message. He seemed like a man capable of summoning some instinctively to defend his wife's honor—quite ready for a coup de tete, and perhaps insisting on immediate satisfaction. The ambassador, after some little embarrassment in various kinds, began to tell news of the Court, and to congratulate the Colonel on the success which his wife enjoyed there, all of which the good host took with the most well-bred zeal. Proud of the conduct of his charming wife, though it change his tactics, and to lament over the immensity of the age—to regret the danger to which beauty and innocence were exposed, when left without their natural protection, to the hot moments of Paris chivalry, and ended by telling his advice in a matter of some little delicacy: "I have a friend," said he, "whose wife is at present subject to all the calumnies and vile suspicions of those who carry scenes to which they attend attack. My friend has left me alone to prosecute a war at Court. She is in danger—being surrounded by admirers, all existing for a share in her gr ces—more in particular, whose position makes the danger most imminent. My friend is a good easy man who dreams of no such wickedness on earth. How do you think he would feel on the subject, then which I in true friendship would wish to tell him?" The Colonel rose from his seat, and strode toward the bookcase, whence he took a horse-pistol, cash as are usually kept in the cases of large country houses in the old French chateaux, and then returned to where the visitor sat in wonder. "I cannot answer your question," said he, coldly; "for I do not know the temper of your friend, but I know my own—the time and hour, meddling fool to approach me with the like intention. I would put the point to his ear, and blow his brains out on the spot, and think I was justified in so doing." And therewith, in order no doubt, to give dramatic effect to the saying, he cocked the pistol to a nicet with the head of his visitor, who, sometimes strokes, and pale as death, darted toward the door, and would be got per- suaded to return, although the Colonel did all in his power to assure him that it was only a supposition, of course, and that the friend he described as an "easy man" would, no doubt, take the thing with more sense.

The visitor was, however, too glad to escape, and came back to Paris, himself ashamed of his share in the transaction, while the lady, with the characteristic perseverance of her sex, has gone on rising and rising, until at last she has obtained the command of the Imperial Chateau for her husband, who has certainly removed thither, with all his baggage, not forgetting the famous horse pistols, wherewith he will assure, no doubt, to do justice to all worthiness and importance, who trouble themselves concerning his domestic peace.—*Paris Letter, March 29.*

A ROMANTIC MATCH.

FROM THE CINCINNATI COMMERCIAL.

We have just learned of some romantic adventures, which cast pleas at Cynthiada, for a few days ago. It appears that a very clever, fine looking young gentleman from Philadelphia, had occasion to visit Cynthiada, on business connected with the great winter, and while there, became acquainted with a pretty, lively, little girl, who had just celebrated her fifteenth summer. Mr. B——, the Philadelphian, was not proof against the bright eyes of the Kentucky damsel. He had never seen such a giddiest, lively, sparkling pair of orbs among the constellations of beauty, who, like a patriot and a Roman, he determined to possess or perish in the attempt. At the period of his appointment, he was at first with one of his neighbors about that most fruitful of all subjects of interest, a division between two of such differences always are, the dispute had been waxing warmer for several months. He received his docket, shouts, and "Force-Book," on Saturday evening, and though he had yet no mite to enter on the docket of business, was then provided with all the weapons of litigation. On the following Monday morning he repaired, as usual, to his fields, about half-a-mile from home, and though full of his new digestion, was quietly to work.

He had not been there long, before his old and only enemy made his appearance, and opened upon him a volley of abuse in relation to the division fence, bestowing upon his honor, among other epithets, that of "an unmitigated scoundrel" —"jackass." A——n bore the attack until it reached this point—which, it would seem, was as far as a man's patience ought to extend—and, it is probable, that had he not been a legal practitioner, a battle would have ensued then and there." But it was beneath the dignity of the counsel, to accept such a vulgar challenge, and, therefore, he thought him at a more better and more honorable course. He threw down his axe, and marched toward home. There he took down his new docket, and upon the first page, recorded the case of *Mr. A—— vs. People of the State of Illinois on a Fence Practice!* (Assault.) He then entered up the following words: "*The defendant in this case, has this day found ten dollars and costs, for contempt of court, in having called us a jackass!*" On the next page he made an entry of submission, by which it appears that he forthwith issued an execution upon the judgment, and collected the money!

This pretext of "contempt" was much be- yond the usual extent of indulgence, and was greatly provided for by statute; but the justices of the peace are the constituted judges, and entirely without precedent, as the following anecdote will illustrate——

A certain justice in the same State of Illinois, was one day trying, for an aggravated assault, a man who was much intoxicated only an hour before. His the import of the proceedings or the dignity of the Court. He was continually interrupting the proceedings, scuffling their opponents, and swearing at the justice. It soon became evident that he must be silenced or that the trial journed. The justice's patience at length gave way. He ordered the constable to take the obstreperous culprit into custody, which he did to the office, and duck him till he was sober enough to be quiet and request the case to be proceeded with. He then inquired, he could not perform, but in due time he brought the defendant into court. The trial was then duly and thoroughly solved, reporting, at the same time, that he had availed himself of the assistance of Mr. Magistrate, and took an active part in the execution of his honor's commands. The trial then went quietly on, the defendant was fined for a breach of the peace, and ordered to pay the costs; one item of which was two dollars for "ducking!"

Whatever might have been the prevailing opinion, as to the justice of such a proceeding, the ridicule attaching to it would effectually prevent its repetition. The justice was compelled to forgive a little irregularity, for the sake of substantial justice and "a good joke." But what would have been said, if, under the same circumstances, sometimes worked greater injustice—as it frequently is expected—and of this, the following is an example:

About the year 1820, there lived, in a certain town in Ohio, a man named Cunningham, who, so far as the collection of debts was concerned, was entirely a "law-abiding citizen." He seemed to have a constitutional indisposition to pay what he owed; and, though there were sundry executions in his hands, and officers around him, and though he even seemed thrifty enough in his pecuniary affairs—no property could ever be found on which they could be levied. There was at the same time, a constable in the neighborhood, a man named Wyatt, who was celebrated in those days of difficult collections, for the shrewdness and success of his official operations. He was a man of powerful frame, and, though usually remarkable, for the high degree of self-control which his authority, though two executions were in his hands at the hands of the former, upon judgments on the docket of the latter, nothing could be found on which any thing being realized from the impertinious debtor, Smedley.

At length the constable formed him in possession of property, and made a levy. It was presented by a friend of the debtor, and the sheriff with his indefatigable efforts was the addition of heavy costs to the already hopeless demand.

At length, however, Wyatt succeeded in finding property which was named Wyatt, and he straightway posted off to Smedley's residence, and announced, with the pleas of operation was agreed upon. White levied first upon the horse, Wyatt, with characteristic humanity, however, is very partial, and it is not unprecedented, that he takes an interest in the animal, and he could only be satisfied by his stout frame. The latter, however, remanding the horse of first choice—to the constable, thereupon, like the other, subject to a lien, and equally liable to levy and sale! And accordingly, the next day, he came to the door with a wagon, and sweetly and unaffectedly, and thanking the debtor for his kindness in allowing him to be used, he hauled away with a peculiar grace to himself.

He had one of those tame Kaphael was always painting,—touchingly sweet and expressive.

A little after this young beauty had taken her seat, a gentleman, accompanied by a lady, came in pale, with that care-worn, haggard look, that poverty, and sorrow, and hard labor always bestow upon the poor. Such are the looks of those poor seamstresses who work like slaves for a miserable pittance, and who, when they are sewing, and sewing, and sewing, and